# THE HOLTON-CURRY READERS

## FOURTH READER

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HOLTON-CURRY READERS

# THE FOURTH READER

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*The first soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a fine castle*

# FOURTH READER

## THE RIVULET

LUCY LARCOM

Run, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one:
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Carry the perfume you won
From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!

Carry the city the mountain birds' glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

*Rĭv'ū ĭĕt*, a small stream; *hâre'bĕll'*, a flower, same as bluebell; *pĕr'fūme*, pleasant odor, smell.

STUDY HELPS

Who seems to be speaking to the rivulet?
How can you tell what time of year it is?
Point out expressions that tell what the rivulet is to do.
How can the rivulet do all these things?
Make a list of words and phrases that tell what the rivulet was to do.
Make a list of descriptive words used in the lesson.
Draw a picture of a waterfall, mountain, bird, flower, and hill.
Copy one stanza of the poem, and be prepared to write one from dictation.

## WHY THE SUNFLOWERS HANG THEIR HEADS

MADGE A. BIGHAM

One night, soon after Daisy-Fair came to town, the moon was very, very bright, and of course you have not forgotten how much the flowers liked to hear stories on moonlight nights. So, when they asked the Lady Petunia to tell them one, she smiled and said, "I will tell you why the sunflowers hang their heads. Once upon a time, when the earth mother was busy taking care of her seed children —long, long ago, when the world was very new—a redbird brought her two small brown seeds and told her to take good care of them. 'If they are brave seeds and grow their best, they shall have blossoms like the sun and almost as beautiful,' said the redbird, and then flew quickly away.

"Now the earth mother loved the sun, because he never failed to send the sunbeams to help her care for her seeds —he even drew water drops from the rivers and made clouds of them, that the raindrops might help her, too; so she felt very glad that these two little seeds could bear blossoms that would look like the sun, and she covered them over very gently near the tall fence and left them to grow. Each day she whispered to them, 'Wake up, little seeds, wake and grow, higher and higher, to the top of the fence. Wake, wake and look first for the sun—your blossoms will be large and bright like him—wake, wake, I say.' By and by the sleeping seeds heard, and stirred in their brown beds. 'Come,' said the little sister, 'don't you hear?'

"Now the little brother seed was very fat and very lazy—he wanted to sleep all the time, so when he heard the dear earth mother calling to him, he rubbed his eyes drowsily and said, 'I don't want to get up! I'm not going to try to grow; it's too much trouble to reach the top of the fence; I don't believe any plant can grow that high, and I don't believe we will have blossoms to look like the sun, either; no, I don't!'

"'Why-y,' said the little sister seed, 'I

*A redbird brought her two small brown seeds*

believe what the dear earth mother says, and I am going to try my very best to grow—try, try, try, try—try to climb even higher than the fence! You try, too, little brother; there is always somebody to help, you know'—

"'We'll help!' said the sunbeams.

"'We'll help!' said the raindrops.

"'We'll help!' said the dewdrops.

"So, you see, all were ready to do their part, if the little brother seed would only try. But he would not; he just turned over in his soft bed and lay right still, night and day, night and day, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping. But the little sister seed began at once to grow; she stretched her tiny roots down, and her tiny hand up, and pushed and pushed until she pushed right through the brown earth covering, into the light of the bright outside world —with the blue sky and sailing clouds overhead, and the grasses and flowers below. Then she remembered what the earth mother had told her about the sun, and just then he came from behind a gray cloud in all of his glorious splendor, and shone down on the little sister seed, making her feel warm and glad.

"'Oh, you wonderful sun,' she said, 'to think that I, a little brown seed, will some day have a blossom to look like you! Oh, joy, joy, joy!'

"All day she kept her face turned to his golden light, and longed for her blossom which was to be like him, and she thought of the little brother seed asleep in the earth and felt so sorry that he, too, was not with her to see and grow. She kept calling to him as she climbed higher and higher:

"'Come up, little brother, wake and grow; such beautiful things I see up here in the light! Come out of the dark and climb with me.'

"But the fat little brother seed would not, though she begged him so; he only stretched himself, and turned over for another nap, forgetting about his beautiful blossom and all. Higher and higher and higher against the tall fence climbed the dear little sister plant, reaching out her broad leaves for the sunbeams to flit across, and one morning she was so tall, why, she peeped right over the fence!

"'We told you so!' said the sunbeams.

"'We told you so!' chirped the birds.

*The sunflower*

"'We told you so!' said the raindrops.

"But the little sister plant, though she had reached to the top of the fence, did not stop trying, but grew still taller, as she kept watching the sun and thinking of the beautiful blossom which had been promised her — yellow and bright like the sun.

"By and by a green bud came, growing larger and rounder each day, and again the little climbing sister seed whispered to the little fat brother underground, begging him to

come, but he would not try. Another bud came to the little sister — and another and another, until there was a cluster of buds tucked away in their green shawls, waiting for the time to open.

"Then, one happy, happy morning, when the flowers in the old garden waked, there stood the glorious sunflower plant, bearing high her cluster of wide-open blossoms — each one beautiful and yellow like the sun — but, though they often smiled at the sun, they kept their heads bowed towards the earth — watching for the little brother, calling for him to try.

"And so to-day you see them still, ever bending, ever watching for the little brother who would not come."

*From "Little Folks' Land."*

*Pe tū'nĭ a,* a kind of flowering herb; *drow'si ly* (drou'zĭ lĭ), in a sleepy manner; *splen'dor* (splĕn'dēr), great beauty; *flĭt,* move across lightly and rapidly; *clus'ter* (klŭs'tēr), bunch.

STUDY HELPS

What question does this story answer?
Who tells the story?
When did the flowers like to hear stories?
What did the redbird say about the two seeds?
Why did the earth mother love the sun?
What did the earth mother do with the seeds, and what did she say to them?
Read passages that show how the little sister seed was different from the little brother seed.
Which seed would you rather be like? Why?
Who promised to help them?
What finally happened to the little sister seed?
Tell the whole story.

# BABY SEED SONG

E. NESBIT

Little brown seed, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you,
Put on your green coats and gay;
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 't is morning—'t is May!"

Little brown seed, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-by!

*Co'zi ly* (kō'zĭ lĭ), in comfort, snugly; *ca ress'* (ka rĕs'), to touch tenderly, to pet; *grēen coats* (kōtz) *ănd gāy*, the foliage and blossoms of plants.

STUDY HELPS

Who is talking to the little brown seed?
What is meant by "awake in the dark"?
What did the lark sing to the baby seeds?
Why is May the morning of the flowers?
What colors do you usually find in a poppy bed?
How tall do sunflowers grow?
Do you think the flowers love each other?

## TWO AND ONE

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

Thou hast two ears, and but one mouth,—
Remember it, I pray!
For much there is that thou must hear,
And little say.

Thou hast two eyes, and but one mouth,—
Ponder and reason well!
Full many things thou art to see,
And few things tell.

Thou hast two hands, and but one mouth,—
Nature has rightly done;
For she hath given two for work,—
For eating, one.

*Pŏn'dẽr*, to think on long and carefully; *rēa'son*, to consider arguments for or against.

STUDY HELPS

Write the three questions that are answered in this poem.

Read the words that answer each question.

Think of some good reasons for not talking about all you hear or see.

What lesson about eating do you think is taught by the last stanza?

When V and I together meet,
We make the number Six complete.
When I with V doth meet once more,
'T is then we two can make but Four.
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

*Mother Goose Rime.*

# THE WASP AND THE BEE

ROBERT DODSLEY

A wasp met a bee and said to him: "Pray, can you tell me what is the reason that men are so ill-natured to me while they are so fond of you?

"We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings around my body make me much handsomer than you are; we are both winged insects; we both have honey, and we both sting people when we are angry; yet men always hate me and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea table, and at their meals, while you are very shy and hardly ever come near them; yet they build you curious houses and take care of and feed you in the winter very often. I wonder what is the reason?"

The bee said: "Because you never do them any good;

but on the contrary are very troublesome and mischievous, therefore they do not like to see you; but they know that I am busy all day long making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits and try to be useful."

*Fa mĭl'iar*, well acquainted; *cu'rĭ ous* (kū'rĭ us), of strange fashion, odd; *con'tra ry* (kŏn'tra rĭ), on the other hand.

STUDY HELPS

What question did the wasp ask?
In what ways did he say he was equal to the bee?
In what ways superior?
How does he say people show their preference for the bee?
How does the bee explain it?

## THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU

A camel said, "Nothing like being tall; look, how tall I am!"

A pig, who heard these words, said, "Nothing like being short; look, how short I am!"

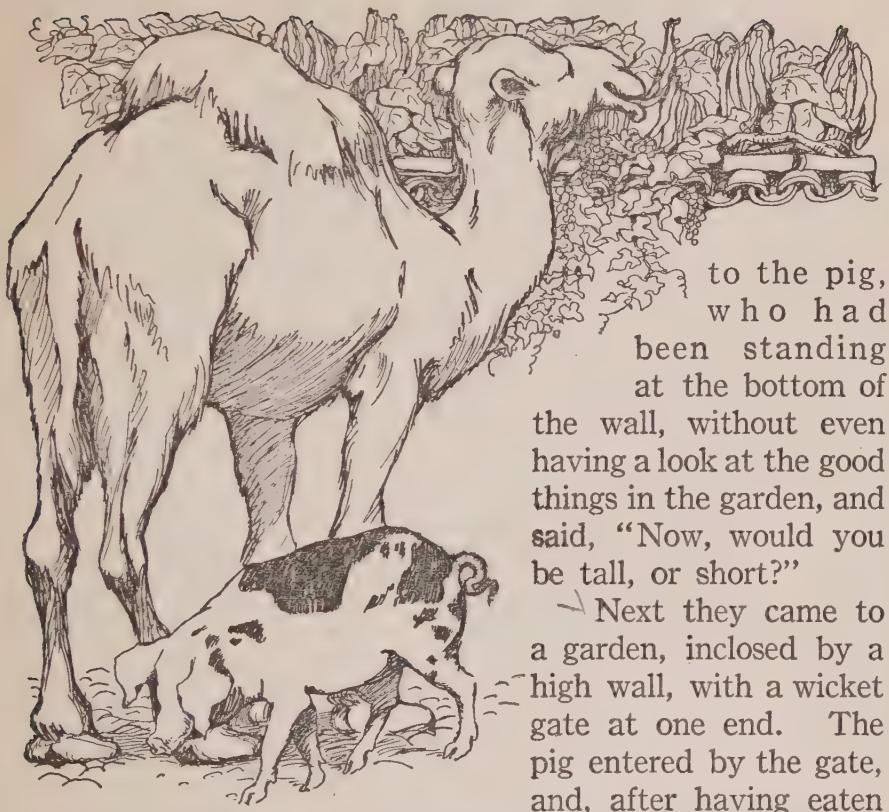
The camel said, "Well, if I fail to prove the truth of what I said, I shall give up my hump."

The pig said, "If I fail to prove the truth of what I have said, I shall give up my snout."

"Agreed!" said the camel.

"Just so!" said the pig.

They came to a garden, inclosed by a low wall without any opening. The camel stood on this side the wall and, reaching the plants within by means of his long neck, made a breakfast on them. Then he turned jeeringly



*They came to a garden, inclosed by a low wall*

to the pig, who had been standing at the bottom of the wall, without even having a look at the good things in the garden, and said, "Now, would you be tall, or short?"

Next they came to a garden, inclosed by a high wall, with a wicket gate at one end. The pig entered by the gate, and, after having eaten his fill of the vegetables within came out, laughing at the poor camel, who had had to stay outside because he was too tall to enter the garden by the gate, and said, "Now, would you be tall, or short?"

Then they thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the camel should keep his hump and the pig his snout, observing,

"Tall is good, where tall would do;
Of short, again, 't is also true!"

*From "Folk Stories and Fables."*

*In closed'* (in klōzd'), shut in; *jēer'ing ly*, in scornful manner; *wick'ĕt*, a small, low gate within a wall or larger gate.

STUDY HELPS

What difference of opinion did the camel and the pig have?
What agreement did they make?
How did the camel and the pig each prove his point?
How could they both be right?
Repeat the conclusion they came to.

## THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

(Dramatization)

[Assign the parts: Camel and Pig. Let six or eight children form a hollow square, kneel, and join hands to represent the low wall around a garden. Have two or three children stand inside the wall to represent the plants. Not far away, have another garden formed by children standing around as a high wall. Leave a low opening for a gate. Place books in the garden for vegetables. Camel and Pig walk from different directions and meet.]

CAMEL: Good morning, Friend Pig!

PIG: Good morning, Friend Camel!

CAMEL: Nothing like being tall! Just see how tall I am. (*Camel stretches himself and points upward.*)

PIG: Nothing like being short, Friend Camel! See how short I am.

CAMEL: Oh, you think so, do you? Well, if I fail to prove that there is nothing like being tall I will give up my hump. (*Touches his back.*)

PIG: Ugh! Ugh! You will, will you? Well, if I fail to prove that there is nothing like being short, I will give up my snout. (*Touches his nose.*)

CAMEL: Agreed! Agreed!

PIG: Just so! Just so, Friend Camel!

(*Camel and Pig walk slowly over to the garden inclosed by the low wall, and stand beside it.*)

CAMEL: Ah! Here is a delicious breakfast for me. (*Reaches over and eats.*) These leaves are so juicy and fresh. Nothing could be sweeter or better. Now, would you be tall or short, Friend Pig?

(*Camel and Pig walk over to the other garden. Pig runs to the low gate and into the garden.*)

PIG: Ah! Here are fresh cabbage and crisp turnips for my breakfast. (*Pretends to eat them.*) They are most delicious. (*Runs out, laughing, and says*): Now, would you be tall, Friend Camel, or would you be short? Tell me, truly.

CAMEL: Well, it's all right to be tall when you want leaves.

PIG: Yes, and it's all right to be short when you want to go through a low gate.

CAMEL: Yes, yes,—sometimes it *is* better to be short.

PIG: And sometimes it is better to be tall; I see that.

CAMEL: Well, Pig, you keep your snout and I will keep my hump.

PIG: That's a bargain, and a fair one, too.

CAMEL and PIG:

Tall is good, where tall would do;
Of short, again, 't is also true!

## NIKOLINA

CELIA THAXTER

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her—
The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?
Oh, her eyes are blue as cornflowers 'mid the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy as skies of morn!

Oh, buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her,
And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her;
She 'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,
But no word of your speech can understand.

Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,
As she stands among the poppies hardly taller,
Breaking off their flaming scarlet cups for you,
With spikes of slender larkspur, brightly blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing—
Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;
But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her—
This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?
Slowly she 's learning English words, to try
And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.

*Nôr'wāy*, a country of northern Europe; *Nik'o li'na* (nĭk'ō lē'na), a name for a girl; *pŏp'pĭes*, plants with showy flowers; *flām'ĭng*, bright red; *spīkes*, groups of flowers growing directly from the stem; *lärk'spûr*, a kind of flowering plant.

STUDY HELPS

What question are you asked?
Read all the passages that tell how Nikolina looks.
What are you told to do in case you meet her?
What will she do in return?
What kind of flowers are in her garden?
How does she differ from her flowers?
Why is she learning English words?

## THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

SARAH ROBERTS BOYLE

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you 'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part,—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you 're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,

In the happy spring I 'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

*Hŭm'ble,* unassuming.

STUDY HELPS

What do the first and last lines of every stanza tell you about the grass?

Read all the expressions in the first three stanzas that tell you where the grass creeps.

Read all the passages you can find that tell you what good the grass does.

What do you learn about the grass from the last stanza?

## THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The bee buzzed up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.

"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It 's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

*Fāint*, weak; *wĭthĕred*, faded and dried up.

STUDY HELPS

What are some of the flowers that bees like best?
Would the bee find any honey in the fall of the year?
How would the bee live in the winter?
How do bees carry honey? How do bees gather honey?

## FERN SONG

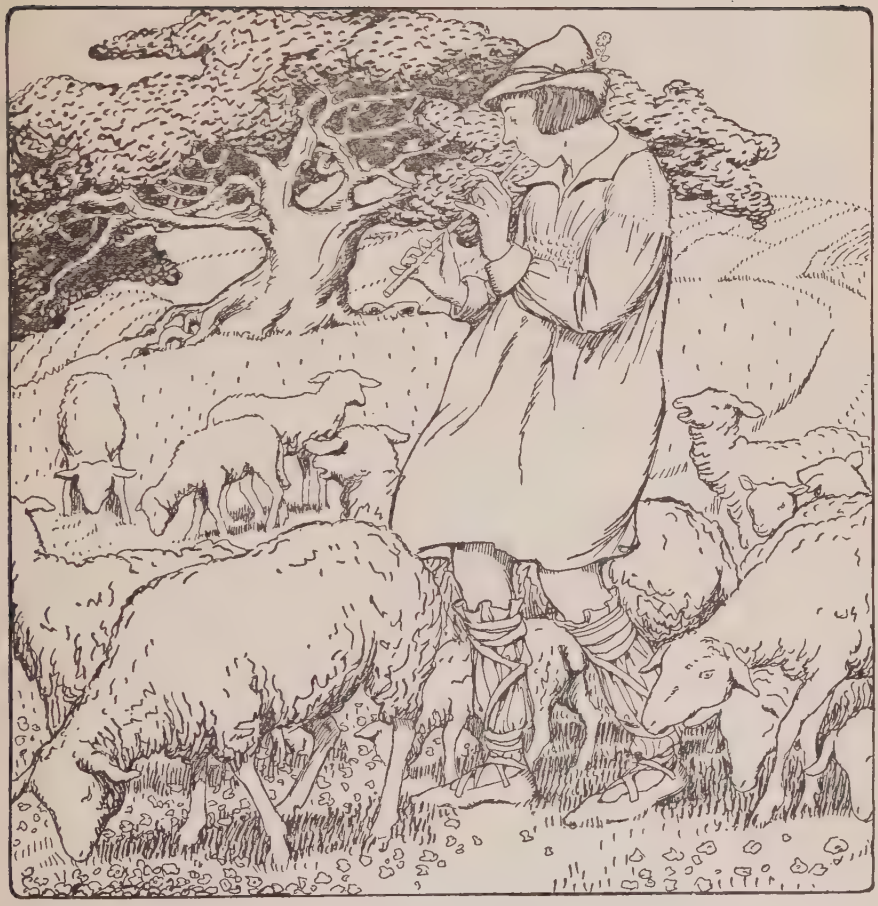
JOHN BANISTER TABB

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

*Pälms*, the leaves of the fern; *vĕst'ure*, leaves and stem of the fern plant; *frŏnds*, the fern leaves; *re joice'* (re jois'), be happy.

STUDY HELPS

What was the appearance of the fern leaves before the rain?
What does the fern need besides sunlight?



## THE SHEPHERD

WILLIAM BLAKE

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful; while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

*Shĕp'hĕrd*, one who takes care of sheep; *lŏt*, occupation; *strāys*, goes about; *tongue* (tŭng), words; *in'no cent* (ĭn'o sent), simple, trusting; *ewes* (ūz), female sheep.

STUDY HELPS

What word describes the shepherd's lot?
Read the lines that tell what is attractive about his work.
Why is his flock in peace?

## FRANK DIVIDES THE CAKE

MARIA EDGEWORTH

One evening at tea time there was a small plum cake upon a plate, on the tea table; and there was a knife beside the plate. Frank's father and mother, and two of his brothers, were sitting around the table. The mother was beginning to pour out the tea, and she called to Frank and said to him, "My dear, cut this plum cake into five pieces for us; and take care that you make all the pieces of the same size,—for your father and your two brothers and yourself and me; and give us each our just share."

Frank began to cut the cake, but, by mistake, he divided it into six parts, instead of into five.

"Mother," said he, "what shall I do with this bit? I have five without it; one for you, and one for my father and one for my brother Edward and one for my brother Henry and one for myself. What shall I do with this bit that is left?"

"What is it most just to do with it?"

"I think I had better keep it myself, Mother, because it belongs to nobody, and I should have it for the trouble of cutting the cake for everybody."

"No," said his brother Henry, "I do not think that would be just, because then you would be rewarded for

*"Take care that you make all the pieces of the same size"*

making a mistake. If you had cut the cake right there would not be this bit to spare."

"Well," said Frank, "I do not think it would be just that I should have it, but to whom, then, shall I give it? I will give it to you, Mother, because I like to give it to you the best. No, I will give it to father, because he likes

plum cake better than you do. Stay, I will give it to you, good Henry, because you mended my kite for me. No, indeed, I must give it to poor Edward, because he had no cherry pie to-day at dinner."

"But," said his mother, "what right have you, Frank, to give this bit of cake to poor Edward, because he had no cherry pie to-day at dinner; or to good Henry, because he mended your kite; or to your father, because he loves plum cake better than I do; or to me, because you like to give it to me? What right have you to give it away to any of us?"

"Mother, you said I was to give each of you your just share; and I thought I was to judge."

"Remember that I desired you to divide the cake into five pieces, all the same size. You were to judge about the size of the pieces, and you were to take care that we have each our just share; but you are going to give one of us twice as much as any of the others."

"I cannot make the pieces the right size, now, Mother."

"But you can give us each equal quantities of cake, can you not?"

"How, mamma?"

"Think. When you are trusted to divide anything, you must take the trouble, Mr. Judge, to consider how it may be done fairly."

Frank took the trouble to think; and he then cut the cake into five equal parts; and he put these parts by the side of the five large pieces of cake; and he gave one of the large pieces and one of the little pieces to each person; and he then said, "I believe I have divided the cake equally

now." Everybody present said, "Yes," and everybody looked carefully at each of the shares, and there appeared exactly the same quantity in each share. So each person took their portion, and all were satisfied.

Justice satisfies everybody.

*To jŭdġe,* to decide; *quan'ti ty* (kwŏn'tĭ tĭ), a certain amount; *pōr'tion,* a part; *jus'tice* (jŭs'tĭs), fairness.

STUDY HELPS

What was Frank told to do?
What mistake did he make?
What ways did he think of for disposing of the extra piece?
Why were none of these ways satisfactory?
What was Frank finally led to see?
How did he satisfy everybody?
Why does justice satisfy everybody?

## THE PARTIAL JUDGE

ROBERT DODSLEY

A farmer went to a neighboring lawyer, and expressed great concern for an accident which he said had just happened. "One of your oxen," he went on, "has been gored by a bull of mine, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation."

"Thou art a very honest fellow," replied the lawyer, "and will not think it unreasonable if I expect one of thy oxen in return."

"It is no more than justice," quoth the farmer, "to be sure; but what did I say? I mistake, it is your bull that killed one of my oxen."

"Indeed!" said the lawyer, "that alters the case: I must inquire into the affair, and if—"

"And if," said the farmer; "the business I find would have been concluded without an if, had you been as ready to do justice to others as to exact it from them."

*Con cern'* (kon sûrn'), distress, regret; *gō̇red*, wounded with horns; *rĕp a rā'tion*, amends, compensation; *al'ters* (ôl'tẽrz), changes; *ex act'* (ĕg zăkt'), require.

STUDY HELPS

Tell this story in your own words.

Why did the lawyer say, "That alters the case"?

Does this fable teach the same lesson as "Frank Divides the Cake"?

Do you think the lawyer will finally do the just thing, as Frank did?

## THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise;
But the companion of fools shall smart for it.

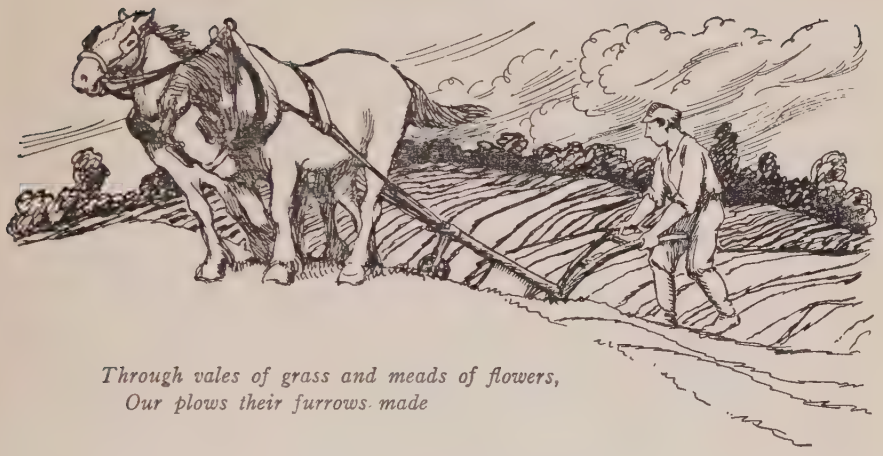
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favor rather than silver and gold.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast:
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A soft answer turneth away wrath:
But grievous words stir up anger.

Pride goeth before destruction;
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.



*Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,*
*Our plows their furrows made*

## THE CORN SONG

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
  Our harvest fields with snow.

*We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain*

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

*We pluck away the frosted leaves,*
*And bear the treasure home*

*Give us the bowl of samp and milk,*
*By homespun beauty poured!*

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
  Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
  By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
  Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
  And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
  Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
  Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
  Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
  The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
  The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
  Send up our thanks to God!

*Hoard* (hōrd), a supply laid up for the future; *lăv'ĭsh*, plentiful; *hôrn*, according to an old story a goat's horn was given the power of furnishing its possessor, who had befriended Zeus, with everything desired; *ex ult'ing* (ĕg zŭlt'ĭng), in high spirits; *glēan*, gather; *här'dy*, able to withstand cold; *fā'bled*, told of in old stories; *A pŏl'lō*, the golden-haired god of the sun, patron of the new crops of the spring; *văp'ĭd*, dull, empty headed; *lŏll*, to move about in a lazy manner; *săm*p, a coarse kind of broken corn or hominy; *mĭl'dew*, mold.

STUDY HELPS

Why does the poet call the corn a "wintry hoard"?

How does the corn compare with other gifts of autumn?

The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas tell the story of the corn crop. Name the steps in its production as the poet states them.

What is meant by "its soft and yellow hair"?

Do you know which is the harvest moon?

What is done with the ripened corn? (Stanza 8.)

With what kind of life is the simple farmer's life contrasted? (Stanza 9.)

Read three passages from stanzas 8, 9, and 10 that show that the pleasures of home life are connected with the food made from corn.

What lines tell you about old-fashioned methods of cooking?

Upon what class of people does the poet call down shame? (Stanza 11.)

What crops is he willing to lose rather than the corn? (Stanza 12.)

Study these expressions: (1) "apple from the pine"; (2) "rugged vales"; (3) "changeful April"; (4) "robber crows"; (5) "meal of gold"; (6) "homespun beauty"; (7) "golden corn"; (8) "goodly root."

*She dropped for bird and beast forlorn*
*Her little store of nuts and corn*

## RED RIDING-HOOD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail

Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away!

Don't be afraid, we all are good;
And I 'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood!

*Sŏm'bēr*, black; *flĕck*, speck, or streak; *crest'ed* (krĕs'tĕd), having a tuft of feathers on the head; *pois'ĭng*, balancing; *a lert'* (a lûrt'), ready, lively; *plăid*, checkered cloth; *floun'dĕred*, moved with difficulty; *be spōke'*, addressed; *cult'ured* (kŭl'), educated, mature; *pŏl'ĭsh*, refinement; *sĕn tĭ mĕn'tal*, unreal.

STUDY HELPS

Describe the scene presented in the first paragraph.
What came to pass?
What did "our little lass" think the jays and the crow and the squirrel were doing?
Tell what she did.
Read what she said to her guests.
Why is she called "Red Riding-Hood"?
What does the poet pray that she may keep as she grows older?
Read the two lines that tell how the grown woman may "make good the promise of Red Riding-Hood."

## THE CROW'S CHILDREN

(Dramatized from the poem by Phœbe Cary)

[Assign the parts: Huntsman and Old Crow. Give the Huntsman a pointer to carry for a gun, and a string, with pieces of paper attached, to represent the string of crows. Have the Crow stand on the corner of the teacher's desk, or on a chair.]

(*Huntsman walks across the front of the room, whistling, and Old Crow caws from the withered tree.*)

SCHOOL:

A huntsman bearing his gun afield,
Went whistling merrily;
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree.

OLD CROW:

You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you must n't touch my family,
Whatever else you do.

HUNTSMAN:

I 'm only going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
Be sure they 'll have to stop.

OLD CROW:

Oh, my children
Are the best ones ever born;
There is n't one among them all
Would steal a grain of corn.

HUNTSMAN:

But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?

OLD CROW:

Oh, no, they 're the prettiest
birds
And the whitest that ever
flew.

*(Huntsman walks away, whistling, and fires his gun by saying "Bang" many times in a short, sharp way.)*

SCHOOL:

So off went the sportsman,
whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never
ceased
Again till the day was done.
And the Old Crow sat un-
troubled,
Cawing away in her nook;
For she said:

OLD CROW:

He 'll never kill my birds,
Since I told him how they
look.
Now there 's the hawk, my
neighbor,
She 'll see what she will
see, soon;
And that saucy whistling
blackbird
May have to change his
tune!

(*Huntsman comes home with a string of crows hanging down his back.*)

SCHOOL:

When, lo! she saw the hunter
Taking his homeward track
With a string of crows as long as his gun,
Hanging down his back.

OLD CROW:

Alack! Alack!
What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds,
And you 've killed them every one.

HUNTSMAN (*looking surprised*):

Your birds!
Why, I found them in my corn;
And besides, they are black and ugly
As any that ever were born!"

OLD CROW (*in an angry tone*):

Get out of my sight, you stupid!

SCHOOL:

Said the angriest of crows.

OLD CROW:

How good and fair her children are,
There 's none but a parent knows.

HUNTSMAN:

Ah! I see! I see!
But not as you do, quite.

SCHOOL:

It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!

# THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

NIXON WATERMAN

One day, in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flails
And half a dozen other boys were starting with their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said
That he could tell him how to pick so he 'd come out ahead.

"First you find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till
You 've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it 's *picking* tells, my son,—
To look at fifty bushes does n't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told; and sure enough, he found,
By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around
In search of better picking, 't was as his father said;
For, while all the others *looked*, he *worked*, and so came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this when he became a man;
And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan.
So, while the brilliant triflers failed, with all their brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

*Trī'flērs*, persons without any serious purpose.

STUDY HELPS

Where were Johnny and his companions going?
What advice did "Johnny's pa" give him? With what result?
What use did Johnny make of this advice when he became a man?
Tell in your own words "the secret of success."

# THE LANGUAGE OF THE BIRDS

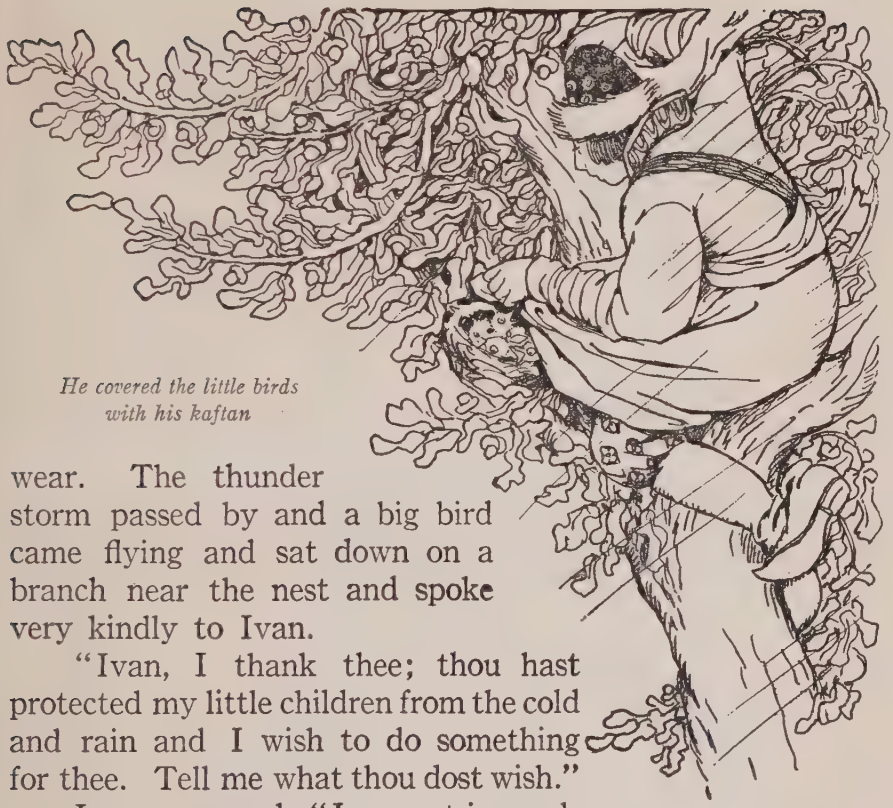
VERRA X. K. DE BLUMENTHAL

Somewhere, in a town in holy Russia, there lived a rich merchant with his wife. He had an only son, a dear, bright, and brave boy called Ivan. One lovely day Ivan sat at the dinner table with his parents. Near the window in the same room hung a cage, and a nightingale, a sweet-voiced, gray bird, was imprisoned within. The sweet nightingale began to sing its wonderful song with trills and high silvery tones. The merchant listened and listened to the song and said:

"How I wish I could understand the meaning of the different songs of all the birds! I would give half my wealth to the man, if only there were such a man, who could make plain to me all the different songs of the different birds."

Ivan took notice of these words and no matter where he went, no matter where he was, no matter what he did, he always thought of how he could learn the language of the birds.

Some time after this the merchant's son happened to be hunting in a forest. The winds rose, the sky became clouded, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared loudly, and the rain fell in torrents. Ivan soon came near a large tree and saw a big nest in the branches. Four small birds were in the nest; they were quite alone, and neither father nor mother was there to protect them from the cold and wet. The good Ivan pitied them, climbed the tree, and covered the little ones with his "kaftan," a long-skirted coat which the Russian peasants and merchants usually



*He covered the little birds with his kaftan*

wear. The thunder storm passed by and a big bird came flying and sat down on a branch near the nest and spoke very kindly to Ivan.

"Ivan, I thank thee; thou hast protected my little children from the cold and rain and I wish to do something for thee. Tell me what thou dost wish."

Ivan answered: "I am not in need; I have everything for my comfort. But teach me the birds' language."

"Stay with me three days and thou shalt know all about it."

Ivan remained in the forest three days. He understood well the teaching of the big bird and returned home more clever than before. One beautiful day soon after this Ivan sat with his parents when the nightingale was singing in

his cage. His song was so sad, however, so very sad, that the merchant and his wife also became sad, and their son, their good Ivan, who listened very attentively, was even more affected, and the tears came running down his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" asked his parents; "what art thou weeping about, dear son?"

"Dear parents," answered the son, "it is because I understand the meaning of the nightingale's song, and because this meaning is so sad for all of us."

"What then is the meaning? Tell us the whole truth; do not hide it from us," said the father and mother.

"Oh, how sad it sounds!" replied the son. "How much better would it be never to have been born!"

"Do not frighten us," said the parents, alarmed. "If thou dost really understand the meaning of the song, tell us at once."

"Do you not hear for yourselves? The nightingale says: 'The time will come when Ivan, the merchant's son, shall become Ivan, the king's son, and his own father shall serve him as a simple servant.' "

The merchant and his wife felt troubled and began to distrust their son, their good Ivan. So one night they gave him a drowsy drink, and when he had fallen asleep they took him to a boat on the wide sea, spread the white sails, and pushed the boat from the shore.

For a long time the boat danced on the waves and finally it came near a large merchant vessel, which struck against it with such a shock that Ivan awoke. The crew on the large vessel saw Ivan and pitied him. So they decided to take him along with them and did so. High, very high,

above in the sky they perceived cranes. Ivan said to the sailors:

"Be careful; I hear the birds predicting a storm. Let us enter a harbor or we shall suffer great danger and damage. All the sails will be torn and all the masts will be broken."

But no one paid any attention and they went farther on. In a short time the storm arose, the wind tore the vessel almost to pieces, and they had a very hard time to repair all the damage. When they were through with their work they heard many wild swans flying above them and talking very loud among themselves.

"What are they talking about?" inquired the men, this time with interest.

"Be careful," advised Ivan. "I hear and distinctly understand them to say that the pirates, the terrible sea robbers, are near. If we do not enter a harbor at once they will imprison and kill us."

The crew quickly obeyed this advice and as soon as the vessel entered the harbor the pirate boats passed by and the merchants saw them capture several unprepared vessels. When the danger was over, the sailors with Ivan went farther, still farther. Finally the vessel anchored near a town, large and unknown to the merchants. A king ruled in that town who was very much annoyed by three black crows. These three crows were all the time perching near the window of the king's chamber. No one knew how to get rid of them and no one could kill them. The king ordered notices to be placed at all crossings and on all prominent buildings, saying that whoever was able to relieve the king from the noisy birds would be rewarded by obtaining

*They heard many wild swans flying above them*

the youngest korolevna, the king's daughter, for a wife; but the one who should have the daring to undertake but not succeed in delivering the palace from the crows would have his head cut off. Ivan attentively read the announcement, once, twice, and once more. Finally he made the sign of the cross and went to the palace. He said to the servants:

"Open the window and let me listen to the birds."

The servants obeyed and Ivan listened for a while. Then he said:

"Show me to your sovereign king."

When he reached the room where the king sat on a high, rich chair, he bowed and said:

"There are three crows, a father crow, a mother crow, and a son crow. The trouble is that they desire to obtain thy royal decision as to whether the son crow must follow his father crow or his mother crow."

The king answered: "The son crow must follow the father crow."

As soon as the king announced his royal decision the crow father with the crow son went one way and the crow mother disappeared the other way, and no one has heard the noisy birds since. The king gave one half of his kingdom and his youngest korolevna to Ivan, and a happy life began for him.

In the meantime his father, the rich merchant, lost his wife and by and by his fortune also. There was no one left to take care of him, and the old man went begging under the windows of charitable people. He went from one window to another, from one village to another, from one town

*"They desire to obtain thy royal decision"*

to another, and one bright day he came to the palace where Ivan lived, begging humbly for charity. Ivan saw him and recognized him, ordered him to come inside, and gave him food to eat and also supplied him with good clothes, asking questions:

"Dear old man, what can I do for thee?" he said.

"If thou art so very good," answered the poor father, without knowing that he was speaking to his own son, "let me remain here and serve thee among thy faithful servants."

"Dear, dear father!" exclaimed Ivan, "thou didst doubt the true song of the nightingale, and now thou seest that our fate was to meet according to the predictions of long ago."

The old man was frightened and knelt before his son, but his Ivan remained the same good son as before, took his father lovingly into his arms, and together they wept over their sorrow.

Several days passed by and the old father felt courage to ask his son, the korolevitch:

"Tell me, my son, how was it that thou didst not perish in the boat?"

Ivan Korolevitch laughed gayly.

"I presume," he answered, "that it was not my fate to perish at the bottom of the wide sea, but my fate was to marry the korolevna, my beautiful wife, and to sweeten the old age of my dear father."

*From "Folk Tales from the Russian."*

*Ho'ly* (hō'lĭ) *Rus'sia,* to the Russian his country is sacred; *I van'* (ē vän'), a Russian masculine name; *kăf'tan,* a long coat; *clev'er* (klĕv'ĕr), knowing; *af feci'ed* (a fĕk'tĕd), moved with feeling; *predict'ing* (pre dĭkt'ĭng), foretelling; *an noyed',* bothered; *ko ro lev'na* (kō rō lāv'nä), daughter of a king; *roy'al,* kingly; *chăr'ĭt a ble,* liberal in giving to the poor; *ko ro lev'itch* (kō rō lāv'ĕtch), son of a king.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn of Ivan's family in the opening lines?

What did his father wish especially to know? How much did he say he would give for this knowledge?

Tell the story of how Ivan learned the language of the birds. What made them willing to teach him?

Why was Ivan so moved when he next heard the nightingale?

What did his parents do when he told them what the bird said? What was their reason?

How was Ivan rescued? What warning did he give his rescuers?

Why do you suppose they paid no attention? Why did they pay attention to his second warning?

Tell how he rid the king of the troublesome crows. What was his reward?

How did he meet his father again? Are you glad he treated his father as he did?

What explanation of his good fortune did he make?

## MRS. SPIDER-BROWN

MADGE A. BIGHAM

If I told you Joe-Boy had a pet as big around as a bird's egg, and with eight legs and eight eyes, what would you guess it was? No, it was n't a fly, because they have n't as many as eight legs, you know, and a great many more than eight eyes. But this pet of Joe-Boy's was very fond of flies — I can tell you that. It was a great big brown spider, and Joe-Boy named her Mrs. Spider-Brown the morning he found her in his room. Now, Mrs. Spider-Brown had always lived in the flower garden before this—her family did not like to live in houses very much—but for some queer notion she thought she would spin her a web in somebody's house. Maybe she thought there would be more flies to catch. Anyway, late one night, while everybody was sleeping, Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into Mrs. Gipsy's house, and when she had looked all around she said to herself:

"I like this house very much indeed! It looks dainty

and clean and has so many transoms over windows and doors that I could crawl out to the open air any time I chose. I just believe I will go right to work and build me a silken web, away up high, out of everybody's way, and then surely the people who live here will not care.

"Mr. Gipsy has a fine face! I do not believe he would ever think of sweeping or dusting up high. But Mrs. Gipsy? No, indeed! I could not think of rooming in the same room with her! She has a face that is sweet and beautiful enough, but her hand—I believe Mrs. Gipsy almost lives with a broom in her hand, to say nothing of a duster! She would sweep me off the face of the earth in less than three minutes!"

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled down the side wall very quickly and went straight into Joe-Boy's room.

"Dear me," said she, as she went to the top of the toy cabinet for a good look, "is n't this a dainty room! All in white, with daisies scattered around! Just the place for the baby spiders, and I know they would enjoy these birds along the walls—I could tell them stories of every one. But there is a little white bed over there, too; who sleeps in it, I wonder? Why, a little boy, I do believe,—how charming! I always loved children; they never dust high with brooms and dusters—bless their dear hearts! Yes, yes, yes, this is the place for me, and I shall room with the little boy. I believe he will treat me kindly and we will be great friends."

Then Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled over in the corner and went to the top of the ceiling, where she began to spin a most beautiful silver web, which was to be her sitting room,

you know, and the place where she always caught the flies she ate. The wonderful silken thread came from the tiny spinning holes near her hind legs, and Mrs. Spider-Brown could work those legs of hers as fast as you can work your fingers, and it did not take her very long to build her pretty web, from the thread of dark, rich blue. First she fastened a few long threads to stand on while she worked, and then she spun some cross threads, gluing them tightly to the wall. Then came the pretty part of her work, for she spun the threads round and round like a wheel, and by and by Mrs. Spider-Brown had finished one of the daintiest, prettiest silken rooms that ever you saw, with a small round window right in the center. And then she felt so tired she crawled in and went to sleep. The next morning when Joe-Boy waked up the very first thing he saw was Mrs. Spider-Brown peeping at him from her round window, and he thought her silken house was very beautiful.

"I'm glad she came to room with me," said he, "and I shall have her for my own pet spider; she shall live with me as long as she chooses."

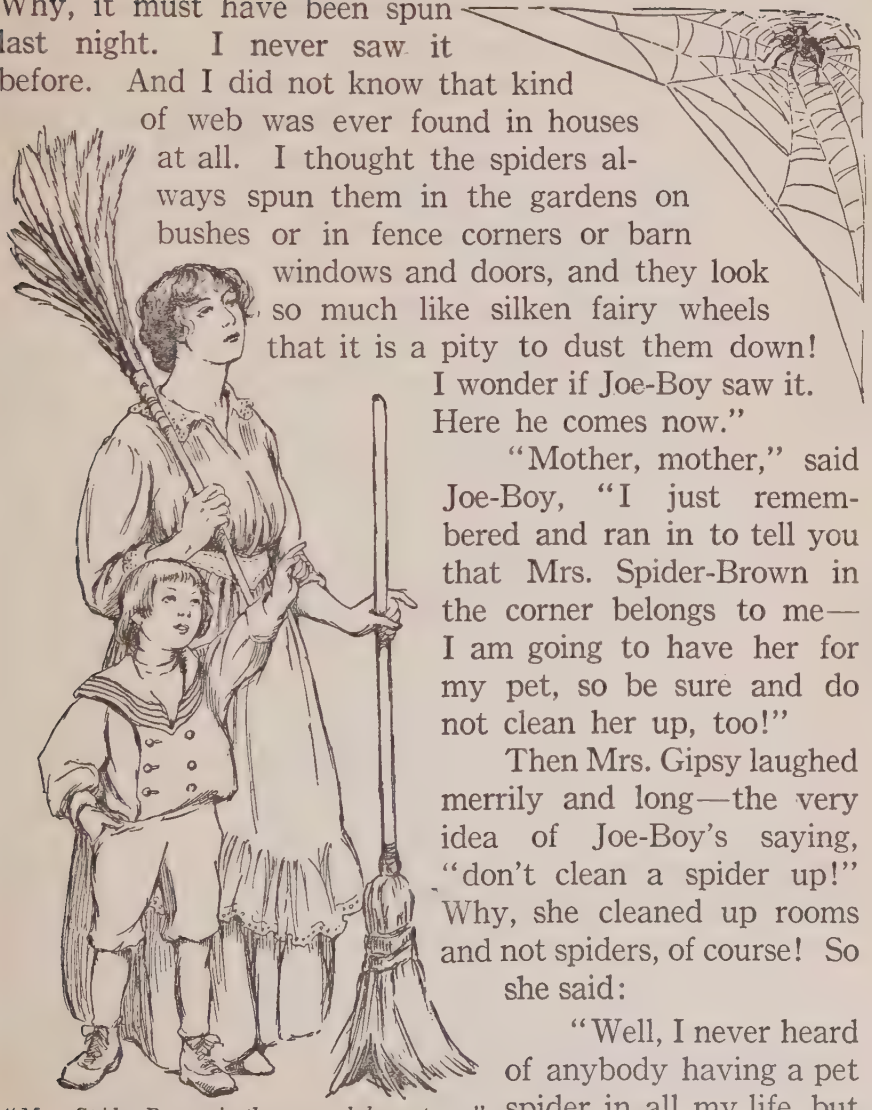
"That's good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "I knew that was a polite child!"

But right after breakfast in walked Mrs. Gipsy and then something inside Mrs. Spider-Brown went "thump, thump, thump," because, sure enough, in Mrs. Gipsy's hand there was a broom and a great long duster.

"Just as I expected," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "and now my day has come!"

But when Mrs. Gipsy saw it she smiled one of her most beautiful smiles and said, "Oh, is n't that a lovely web?

Why, it must have been spun last night. I never saw it before. And I did not know that kind of web was ever found in houses at all. I thought the spiders always spun them in the gardens on bushes or in fence corners or barn windows and doors, and they look so much like silken fairy wheels that it is a pity to dust them down! I wonder if Joe-Boy saw it. Here he comes now."



*"Mrs. Spider-Brown in the corner belongs to me"*

"Mother, mother," said Joe-Boy, "I just remembered and ran in to tell you that Mrs. Spider-Brown in the corner belongs to me—I am going to have her for my pet, so be sure and do not clean her up, too!"

Then Mrs. Gipsy laughed merrily and long—the very idea of Joe-Boy's saying, "don't clean a spider up!" Why, she cleaned up rooms and not spiders, of course! So she said:

"Well, I never heard of anybody having a pet spider in all my life, but

this is *your* room and not *my* room, and I suppose if you want to keep a spider in it, why, you can,—just so that it is n't poisonous and won't bite."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Spider-Brown. "Why do people always think we garden spiders are poisonous and bite? Why, we would n't bite them for anything, and would be their friends if they would only let us! I am very glad the little boy there is to be my friend, and I believe I shall learn to love his mother, too,—see the smile around her mouth! She believes in letting even children have their rights, and that shows she has a kind heart. Now, if she would only let brooms and dusters alone!"

*From "Little Folks' Land."*

*Trăn'soms,* small windows above doors or above other windows; *fairy wheels* (fâr'ĭ hwēlz), delicate spider webs with threads spreading from a center like the spokes of a wheel; *poi'son ous,* destructful of life or health.

STUDY HELPS

How did Mrs. Spider-Brown get her name? Why did she come indoors?

How many legs and eyes has a spider? a fly?

Read what Mrs. Spider-Brown said about the house, about Mrs. Gipsy, about Joe-Boy and his room.

Tell how she spun her web.

What did Joe-Boy say when he saw the web? How did Mrs. Spider-Brown like what he said?

Why was she so disturbed when Mrs. Gipsy came in?

What did Mrs. Gipsy say?

Why did she agree to let the spider alone?

What did Mrs. Spider-Brown say when she heard the word "poisonous"? (Read her speech just as you think she must have spoken it.)

Why did she speak as she did, in the last line, about brooms and dusters?

# MRS. SPIDER-BROWN'S CHILDREN

MADGE A. BIGHAM

Mrs. Spider-Brown spent a very happy time in Joe-Boy's room and they were the best of friends. He had drawn her picture two or three times, and her silken house, too, and had even carried it to kindergarten and shown it to the children there. So when Mrs. Spider-Brown saw she need not feel afraid she decided to weave her nest and get ready for the baby spiders she had spoken about. "I believe I will make my nest here, under the window ledge," she said one day, "and lay my egg in it."

You need not think Mrs. Spider-Brown was going to lay her egg in that pretty silken house with the round window in the center. No, indeed, that was for her sitting room and to catch any stray flies that happened near. She lived on flies, and woe be unto any of them that buzzed around Joe-Boy's room! It was Mrs. Spider-Brown's special pleasure to see that none of them ever specked the walls of Joe-Boy's room or those of her own. But, as I started out to tell you, Mrs. Spider-Brown built her nest under the window ledge by the transom — such a tiny, tiny nest, about the size of a thimble, and made out of that same silken thread which came from her body. When she had lined it soft and warm, then she laid her egg — only one egg, a wee, wee, wee egg, not even as big as a pea! But Mrs. Spider-Brown was very proud of it — she would even fight for that egg, because she knew the baby spiders were growing inside and would soon wake up. Why, she often carried it around on her back, and that is how Joe-Boy came to see it. He

called Mrs. Gipsy to see it, too, and Mother Gipsy said:

"Well, I think Mrs. Spider-Brown is very glad that she is n't like the speckled hen that has twelve eggs to take care of instead of one! And I also guess the speckled hen is very glad she does n't have one hundred babies to come out of just one egg, as Mrs. Spider-Brown will have when her egg hatches!"

But Mrs. Spider-Brown did not worry over that fact a single minute—she only wished her egg would hurry up and hatch, so she could have her baby spiders for company. She did n't tell Joe-Boy so, but she said to herself that as soon as her baby spiders did hatch, and were large enough, she was going to turn them all into the garden to live, where they belonged. It was too dangerous to raise a hundred babies in the house with Mother Gipsy — she believed too much in brooms and dusters!

Well, by and by the egg hatched out, and my! I wish you could have seen those hundred babies roll out! Just exactly like their mother—legs and eyes and all! And Mrs. Spider-Brown made them mind, too, from the very beginning! She would not have one bit of foolishness, and those babies knew it, too! She told them they would all have to make their own living, but, of course, she meant to teach them how before she turned them out into the garden. So, every morning, Mrs. Spider-Brown had school with them up over the transom window, and they were all learning very fast. She would first make them get in a long row, and then she would say, "Attention!" That meant for all the little spiders to look at her. And they looked, too, with all of their eight eyes.

"Now," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "tell me where you came from?"

"We came out of one egg," piped all the baby spiders together.

"Don't say 'We came out of one egg,' my dears," said their mother, "why that is too long; just say 'egg,' and be done with it. I like short answers!"

"Egg, and be done with it," said the baby spiders, trying their very best. Mrs. Spider-Brown sighed, because that is not exactly what she wanted them to say, but she went on to the next question, anyway.

"Now tell me," she said, "what do little spiders eat?"

"Flies," said the baby spiders, "flies!"

"Good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "that's a short answer! Now, how do you catch the flies?"

"Run after them," chimed the baby spiders.

"Tut, tut," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "the idea! Whoever heard of a spider running after a fly! Why, they have wings! We could never catch one that way! Listen, every one. Spiders spin webs to catch flies in and they spin the web from a wonderful silken thread that comes from their bodies. Each one of you spiders has a silken thread in you, too, and you will find the little spinning holes by your hind legs—look for them now." Then Mrs. Spider-Brown gave them a spinning lesson and they all learned how to spin a short thread.

"Good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown; "now, where is the best place for spiders to make their webs?"

And all the spiders said, "Down on the barn, in the fence corners, by the side porch, and on the rosebush!"

"Very fine," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "most especially by the barn, because there will always be plenty of flies near. And don't forget the pattern—round like a wheel. I will show you how pretty mine is by and by. Now, two more questions and school is out for to-day. Why should not spiders build their webs in houses?"

"Brooms and dusters!" said the little spiders—they knew that answer well.

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Spider-Brown. "Never build your webs in houses, unless you are very sure the people inside will be your friends. Now for the last question: Why should n't spiders build their webs close to the ground?"

"Frogs! frogs! frogs! frogs!" said all the baby spiders. "Frogs!"

"Why, to be sure," said Mrs. Spider-Brown; "I know you are the very smartest little spiders that ever drew the breath of life! Come, I shall give you all a ride on my back to see my pretty web—pile on!"

Then all the baby spiders that could find room got up on Mrs. Spider-Brown's back and she carried them over to her web, coming back for those which had been left behind.

"Hold tight," she said, "whatever you do, don't fall on to Mrs. Gipsy's floor—brooms and dusters! Remember the silken thread you 've learned to spin—if you *should* fall, just spin one quickly, fasten it to my body, and crawl up."

After Mrs. Spider-Brown had taken them all to her web and let them watch her catch a fly, then she took them back to the nest for a rest, and the very next day she turned

them out in the garden to make their living! And do you know, not a single one of those baby spiders forgot what they had learned at school?

*From "Little Folks' Land."*

*Piped* (pīpt), spoke up in a thin, shrill voice; *chīmed*, spoke in concert; *păt'tĕrn*, plan.

STUDY HELPS

Why did Mrs. Spider-Brown decide to make her nest in Joe-Boy's room? Tell where and how she built it.

How many eggs did she lay? How did she carry it about?

How did she train the little spiders? What mistakes did they make?

Make a list of all the things Mrs. Spider-Brown taught them.

How well did they learn their lesson?

(Select one of the class to play the part of Mrs. Spider-Brown. Let all the rest be little spiders. Read the speeches of the lesson just as they should be spoken.)

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I 've many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

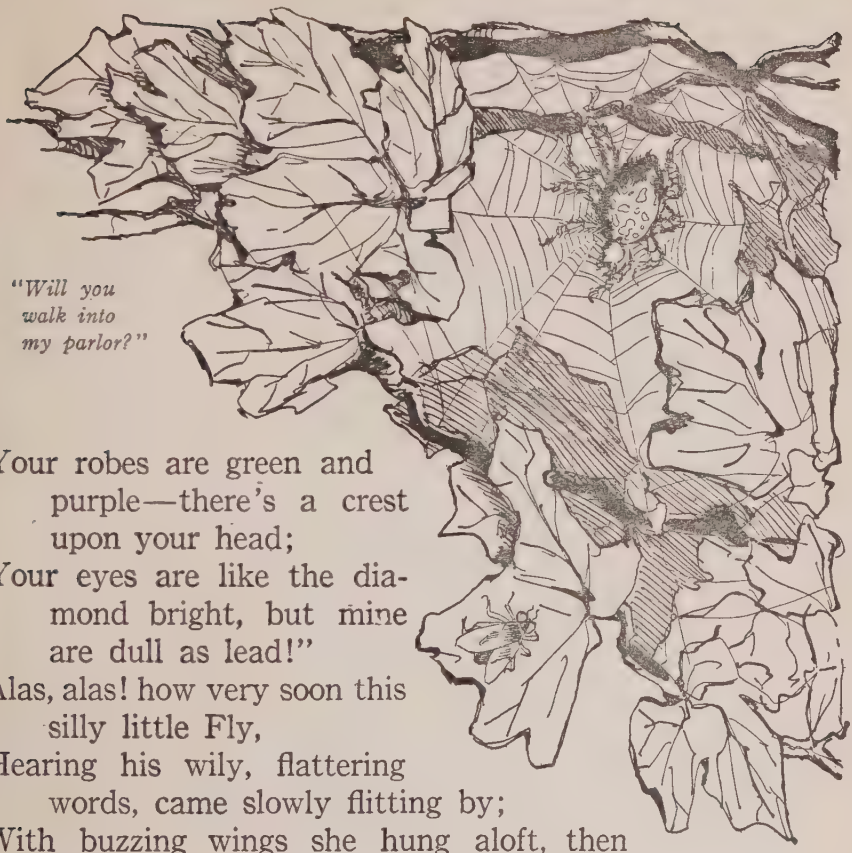
"I 'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile, I 'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I 've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what can
I do,
To prove the warm affection I 've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that 's nice;
I 'm sure you 're very welcome—will you please to take a
slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I 've heard what 's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you 're witty and you 're
wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your
eyes!
I 've a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you 'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you 're pleased
to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I 'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back
again.
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver
wing;



*"Will you walk into my parlor?"*

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"
Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

*Gau'zy* (gôz'ĭ), very thin; *brĭl'liant*, sparkling; *sub'tle* (sŭt''l), cunningly made; *wi'ly*, full of tricks; *flăt'tĕr ĭng*, appealing to one's vanity; *dĭs'mal*, gloomy; *coun'sel or* (koun'se lĕr), one who gives advice.

STUDY HELPS

What did the spider tell about his house to attract the fly?
Read what the fly said in reply to each invitation.
Why did the fly's manner change after the fourth invitation?
Read the final invitation. What was there "flattering" about it?
Tell what the effect was upon the fly.

## THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER

JOHN AIKIN AND MRS. BARBAULD

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by its name, which stopped, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in the neighboring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him until his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the child and admired his ruddy, cheerful countenance. "Thank you, my good lad!" said he; "you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?" (*Putting his hand into his pocket*). "I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

*"What shall I give you for your trouble?"*

MR. L. Don't you? So much the better for you. Few men can say so much. But, pray, what were you doing in the field?

BOY. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on turnips.

MR. L. And do you like this kind of employment?

BOY. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

MR. L. But had you not rather play?

BOY. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

MR. L. Who set you at work?

BOY. My father, sir.

MR. L. Where does he live?

BOY. Just by, among the trees there.

MR. L. What is his name?

BOY. Thomas Hurdle.

MR. L. And what is yours?

BOY. Peter, sir.

MR. L. How old are you?

BOY. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

MR. L. How long have you been out in this field?

BOY. Ever since six in the morning.

MR. L. Are you not hungry?

BOY. Yes, I shall go to my dinner soon.

MR. L. If you had sixpence, what would you do with it?

BOY. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

MR. L. Have you no playthings?

BOY. Playthings? What are those?

MR. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

BOY. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it broke.

MR. L. And do you want nothing else?

BOY. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

MR. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?

BOY. Ch! I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mother gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

MR. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

BOY. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it to me.

MR. L. Your shoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

BOY. I have a better pair for Sundays.

MR. L. But these let in water.

BOY. Oh, I don't care for that.

MR. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

BOY. I have a better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

MR. L. What do you do when it rains?

BOY. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

MR. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

BOY. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

MR. L. But if there are none?

BOY. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

MR. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

BOY. Yes, but there is water enough.

MR. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

BOY. Sir!

MR. L. I say you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

BOY. No, sir; no harm, I hope.

MR. L. No, no (*laughing*). Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

BOY. No, sir; but father says I shall go after harvest.

MR. L. You will want books then.

BOY. Yes, the boys all have a spelling book and a Testament.

MR. L. Well, then, I will give you them. Tell your father so, and that is because I thought you a very good, contented boy. So now go to your sheep again.

BOY. I will, sir. Thank you.

MR. L. Good-by, Peter.

BOY. Good-by, sir.

*Rŭd'dy*, rosy; *clev'er ly* (klĕv'ĕr lĭ), skillfully; *Mich'ael mas* (mĭk'-el mas), the 29th of September, a church festival in honor of the archangel Michael; *ăs lēēve*, as soon; *phi los'o pher* (fĭ lŏs'o fĕr), one who has practical wisdom.

STUDY HELPS

How did Mr. L. happen to meet the boy?

What did the boy say that led Mr. L. to ask him questions?

What did Mr. L. seem to be trying to find out?

Did the boy have everything he wanted? Read some of his answers that you liked most.

Why did Mr. L. decide not to give him money?

What did he promise the boy?

What do you think he meant by calling the boy "quite a philosopher"?

Would we use these expressions: (1) "rooting up weeds," (2) "just by"; (3) "run . . . of errands"; (4) "I will give you them"?

## CONTENTED JOHN

JANE TAYLOR

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John was never found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;
"If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And, though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It can never cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain;
Nor lie and fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

*Hĕdġ'ĕr*, one who makes or takes care of hedges; *ca lam'i ties* (ka lăm' ĭ tĭz), misfortunes; *de spŏnd'ence*, loss of hope, gloom; *stā'tion*, rank in life.

STUDY HELPS

In what way was John like the boy of the last lesson?

What kept John from wanting to be other than he was?

What did John say if the weather was bad or the food dear? What if he was sick or in pain? What did he say if some one treated him ill?

How would revenging an injury make two rogues instead of one?

## SWING AWAY

LUCY LARCOM

Swing away,
From the great crossbeam,
Hid in heaps of clover hay,
Scented like a dream.

*Higher yet!*
*Up, between the eaves*

Higher yet!
Up, between the eaves,
Where the gray doves cooing flit
Through the sun-gilt leaves.

Here we go!
Whistle, merry wind!
'T is a long day you must blow,
Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away!
Sweep the rough barn floor;
Looking through on Arcady,
Framed in by the door!

One, two, three!
Quick! the round red sun,
Hid behind yon twisted tree,
Means to end the fun.

Swing away,
Over husks and grain!
Shall we ever be as gay,
If we swing again?

*Sŭn' gĭlt'*, made golden by the sun. *Ar'ca dy* (är'ka dĭ), an imaginary country of peace and happiness.

STUDY HELPS

Where was this swing?
How can you tell they were having a good time?
Explain the fifth stanza.
Can you answer the question in the last stanza?

# THE TSAREVNA FROG

VERRA DE BLUMENTHAL

In an old, old Russian tsarstvo, I do not know when, there lived a sovereign prince with the princess his wife. They had three sons, all of them young, and such brave fellows that no pen could describe them. The youngest had the name of Ivan Tsarevitch. One day their father said to his sons:

"My dear boys, take each of you an arrow, draw your strong bow and let your arrow fly; in whatever court it falls, in that court there will be a wife for you."

The arrow of the oldest Tsarevitch fell on a boyar-house just in front of the terem where women live; the arrow of the second Tsarevitch flew to the red porch of a rich merchant, and on the porch there stood a sweet girl, the merchant's daughter. The youngest, the brave Tsarevitch Ivan, had the ill luck to send his arrow into the midst

of a swamp, where it was caught by a croaking frog.

Ivan Tsarevitch came to his father: "How can I marry the frog?" complained the son. "Is she my equal? Certainly she is not."

"Never mind," replied his father, "you have to marry the frog, for such is evidently your destiny."

Thus the brothers were married: the oldest to a young boyarishnia, a nobleman's child; the second to the merchant's beautiful daughter, and the youngest, Tsarevitch Ivan, to a croaking frog.

After a while the sovereign prince called his three sons and said to them:

"Have each of your wives bake a loaf of bread by to-morrow morning."

Ivan returned home. There was no smile on his face, and his brow was clouded.

"C-R-O-A-K! C-R-O-A-K! Dear husband of mine, Tsarevitch Ivan, why so sad?" gently asked the frog. "Was there anything disagreeable in the palace?"

"Disagreeable indeed," answered Ivan Tsarevitch. "The Tsar, my father, wants you to bake a loaf of white bread by to-morrow."

"Do not worry, Tsarevitch. Go to bed; the morning hour is a better adviser than the dark evening."

The Tsarevitch, taking his wife's advice, went to sleep. Then the frog threw off her frogskin and turned into a beautiful, sweet girl, Vassilissa by name. She now stepped out on the porch and called aloud:

"Nurses and waitresses, come to me at once and prepare a loaf of white bread for to-morrow morning, a loaf

exactly like those I used to eat in my royal father's palace."

In the morning Tsarevitch Ivan awoke with the crowing cocks, and you know the cocks and chickens are never late. Yet the loaf was already made, and so fine it was that nobody could even describe it, for only in fairyland one finds such marvelous loaves. It was adorned all about with pretty figures, with towns and fortresses on each side, and within it was white as snow and light as a feather.

The Tsar father was pleased and the Tsarevitch received his special thanks.

"Now there is another task," said the Tsar smilingly. "Have each of your wives weave a rug by to-morrow."

Tsarevitch Ivan came back to his home. There was no smile on his face and his brow was clouded.

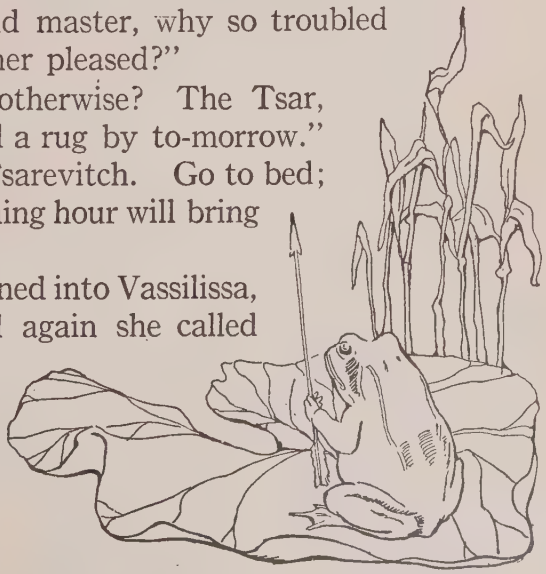
"C-R-O-A-K! C-R-O-A-K! Dear Tsarevitch Ivan, my husband and master, why so troubled again? Was not father pleased?"

"How can I be otherwise? The Tsar, my father, has ordered a rug by to-morrow."

"Do not worry, Tsarevitch. Go to bed; go to sleep. The morning hour will bring help."

Again the frog turned into Vassilissa, the wise maiden, and again she called aloud:

"Dear nurses and faithful waitresses, come to me for new work. Weave a silk rug



like the one I used to sit upon in the palace of the king, my father."

Once said, quickly done. When the cocks began their early "cock-a-doodle-doo," Tsarevitch Ivan awoke, and lo! there lay the most beautiful silk rug before him, a rug that no one could begin to describe. Threads of silver and gold were interwoven among bright-colored silken ones, and the rug was too beautiful for anything but to admire.

The Tsar father was pleased, thanked his son Ivan, and issued a new order. He now wished to see the three wives of his handsome sons, and they were to present their brides on the next day.

The Tsarevitch Ivan returned home. Cloudy was his brow, more cloudy than before.

"C-R-O-A-K! C-R-O-A-K! Tsarevitch, my dear husband and master, why so sad? Hast thou heard anything unpleasant at the palace?"

"Unpleasant enough, indeed! My father, the Tsar, ordered all of us to present our wives to him. Now tell me, how could I dare go with thee?"

"It is not so bad after all, and could be much worse," answered the frog, gently croaking. "Thou shalt go alone and I will follow thee. When thou hearest a noise, a great noise, do not be afraid; simply say: 'There is my miserable froggy coming in her miserable box.' "

The two elder brothers arrived first with their wives, beautiful, bright, and cheerful, and dressed in rich garments. Both the happy bridegrooms made fun of the Tsarevitch Ivan.

"Why alone, brother?" they laughingly said to him.

"Why didst thou not bring thy wife along with thee? Was there no rag to cover her? Where couldst thou have gotten such a beauty? We are ready to wager that in all the swamps in the dominion of our father it would be hard to find another one like her." And they laughed and laughed.

Lo! what a noise! The palace trembled, the guests were all frightened. Tsarevitch Ivan alone remained quiet and said:

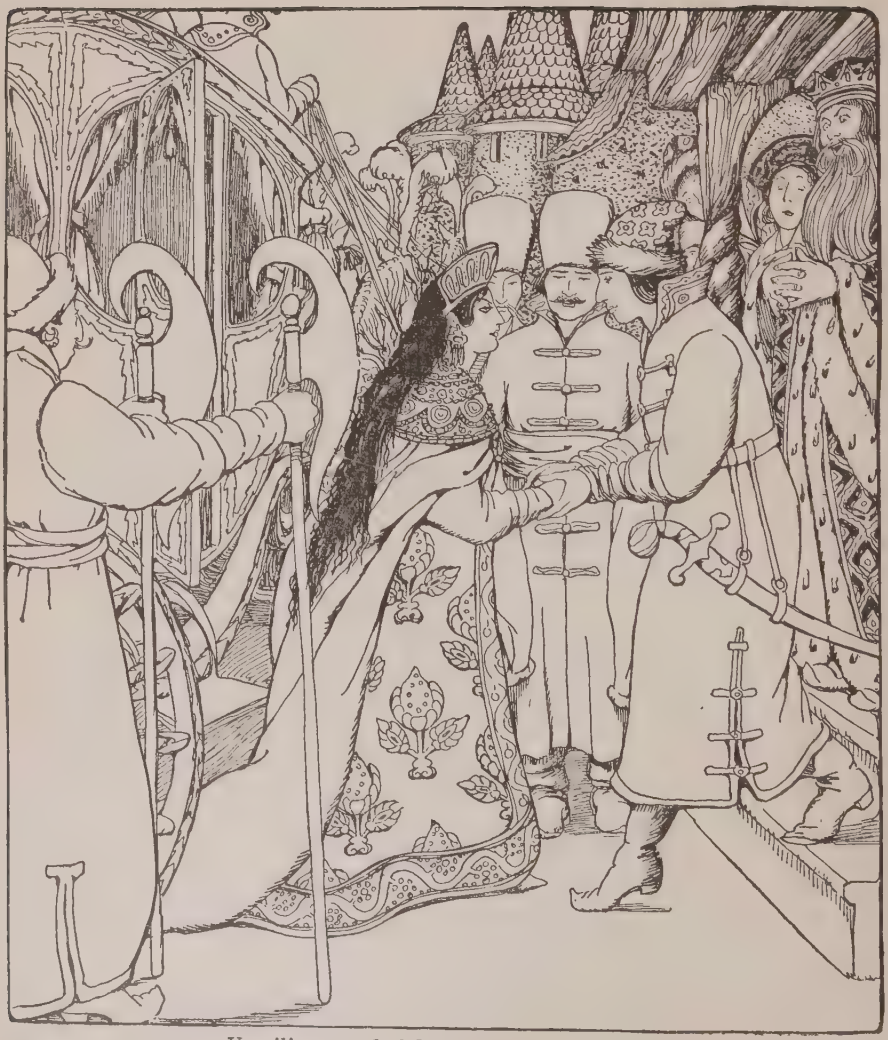
"No danger; it is my froggy coming in her box."

To the red porch came flying a golden carriage drawn by six splendid white horses, and Vassilissa, beautiful beyond all description, gently reached her hand to her husband. He led her with him to the heavy oak tables, which were covered with snow-white linen and loaded with many wonderful dishes such as are known and eaten only in the land of fairies and never anywhere else. The guests were eating and chatting gayly.

Vassilissa drank some wine, and what was left in the tumbler she poured into her left sleeve. She ate some of the fried swan, and the bones she threw into her right sleeve. The wives of the two elder brothers watched her and did exactly the same.

When the long, hearty dinner was over, the guests began dancing and singing. The beautiful Vassilissa came forward, as bright as a star, bowed to her sovereign, bowed to the honorable guests, and danced with her husband, the happy Tsarevitch Ivan.

While dancing, Vassilissa waved her left sleeve and a pretty lake appeared in the midst of the hall and cooled the air. She waved her right sleeve and white swans swam on



*Vassilissa reached her hand to her husband*

the water. The Tsar, the guests, the servants, even the gray cat sitting in the corner, all were amazed and wondered at the beautiful Vassilissa. Her two sisters-in-law alone envied her. When their turn came to dance, they also waved their left sleeves as Vassilissa had done, and, oh, wonder! they sprinkled wine all around. They waved their right sleeves, and instead of swans the bones flew in the face of the Tsar father. The Tsar grew very angry and bade them leave the palace. In the meantime Ivan Tsarevitch watched a moment to slip away unseen. He ran home, found the frog-skin, and burned it in the fire.

Vassilissa, when she came back, searched for the skin, and when she could not find it, her beautiful face grew sad and her bright eyes filled with tears. She said to Tsarevitch Ivan, her husband:

"Oh, dear Tsarevitch, what hast thou done? There was but a short time left for me to wear the ugly frogskin. The moment was near when we could have been happy together forever. Now I must bid thee good-by. Look for me in a far-away country to which no one knows the road, at the palace of Kostshei the Deathless"; and Vassilissa turned into a white swan and flew away through the window.

Tsarevitch Ivan wept bitterly. Then he prayed to the almighty God, and making the sign of the cross northward, southward, eastward, and westward, he went on a mysterious journey.

No one knows how long his journey was, but one day he met an old, old man. He bowed to the old man, who said:

"Good day, brave fellow. What art thou searching for, and whither art thou going?"

*The bones flew in the face of the Tsar father*

Tsarevitch Ivan answered sincerely, telling all about his misfortune without hiding anything.

"And why didst thou burn the frogskin? It was wrong to do so. Listen now to me. Vassilissa was born wiser than her own father, and as he envied his daughter's wisdom he

condemned her to be a frog for three long years. But I pity thee and want to help thee. Here is a magic ball. In whatever direction this ball rolls, follow without fear."

Ivan Tsarevitch thanked the good old man, and followed his new guide, the ball. Long, very long, was his road. One day in a wide, flowery field he met a bear, a big Russian bear. Ivan Tsarevitch took his bow and was ready to shoot the bear.

"Do not kill me, kind Tsarevitch," said the bear. "Who knows but that I may be useful to thee?" And Ivan did not shoot the bear.

Above in the sunny air there flew a duck, a lovely white duck. Again the Tsarevitch drew his bow to shoot it. But the duck said to him:

"Do not kill me, good Tsarevitch. I certainly shall be useful to thee some day."

And this time he obeyed the command of the duck and passed by. Continuing his way he saw a blinking hare. The Tsarevitch prepared an arrow to shoot it, but the gray, blinking hare said:

"Do not kill me, brave Tsarevitch. I shall prove myself grateful to thee in a very short time."

The Tsarevitch did not shoot the hare, but passed by. He walked farther and farther after the rolling ball, and came to the deep blue sea. On the sand there lay a fish. I do not remember the name of the fish, but it was a big fish, almost dying on the dry sand.

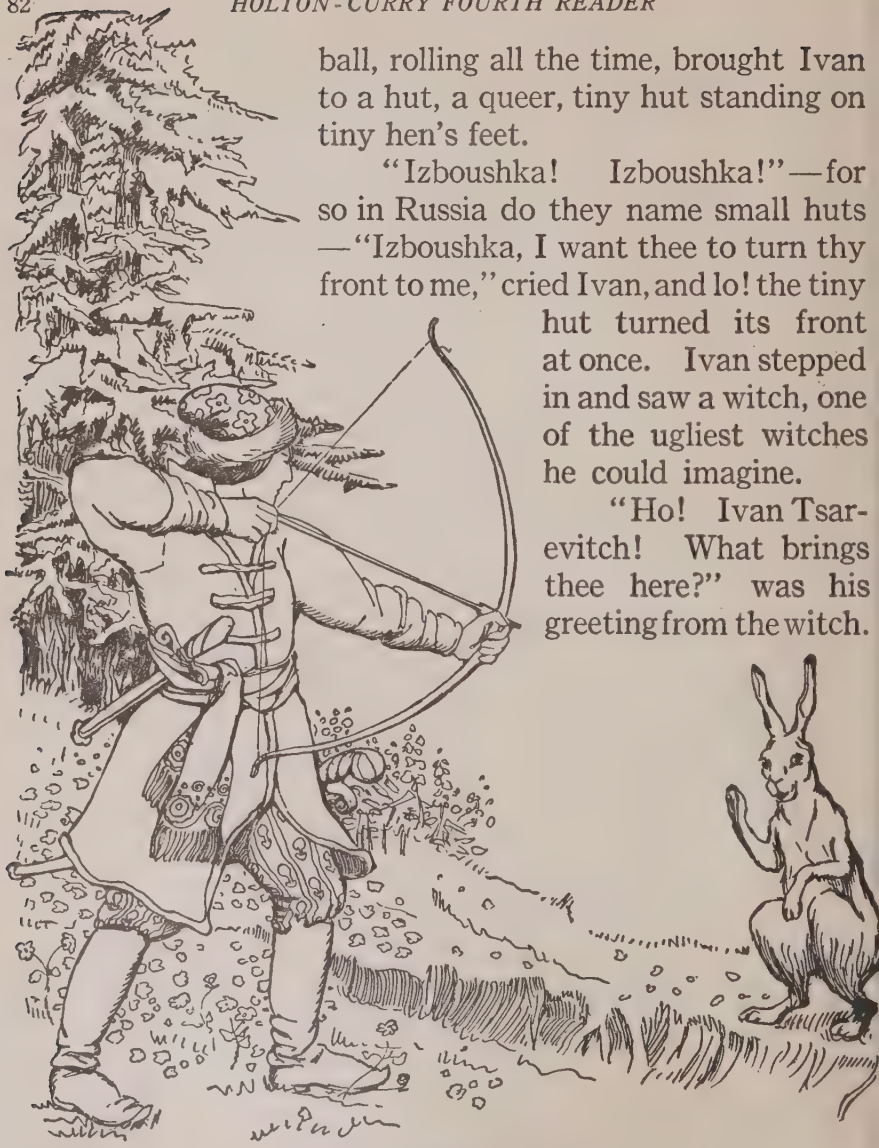
"O Tsarevitch Ivan!" prayed the fish, "have mercy upon me and push me back into the cool sea."

The Tsarevitch did so, and walked along the shore. The

ball, rolling all the time, brought Ivan to a hut, a queer, tiny hut standing on tiny hen's feet.

"Izboushka! Izboushka!"—for so in Russia do they name small huts—"Izboushka, I want thee to turn thy front to me," cried Ivan, and lo! the tiny hut turned its front at once. Ivan stepped in and saw a witch, one of the ugliest witches he could imagine.

"Ho! Ivan Tsarevitch! What brings thee here?" was his greeting from the witch.



*"Do not kill me, brave Tsarevitch"*

"Oh, thou old mischief!" shouted Ivan with anger. "Is it the way in holy Russia to ask questions before the tired guest gets something to eat, something to drink, and some hot water to wash the dust off?"

Baba Yaga, the witch, gave the Tsarevitch plenty to eat and drink, besides hot water to wash the dust off. Tsarevitch Ivan felt refreshed. Soon he became talkative, and related the wonderful story of his marriage. He told how he had lost his dear wife, and that his only desire was to find her.

"I know all about it," answered the witch. "She is now at the palace of Kostshei the Deathless, and thou must understand that Kostshei is terrible. He watches her day and night and no one can ever conquer him. His death depends on a magic needle. That needle is within a hare; that hare is within a large trunk; that trunk is hidden in the branches of an old oak tree; and that oak tree is watched by Kostshei as closely as Vassilissa herself, which means closer than any treasure he has."

Then the witch told Ivan Tsarevitch how and where to find the oak tree. Ivan hastily went to the place. But when he perceived the oak tree he was much discouraged, not knowing what to do or how to begin the work. Lo and behold! that old acquaintance of his, the Russian bear, came running along, approached the tree, uprooted it, and the trunk fell and broke. A hare jumped out of the trunk and began to run fast; but another hare, Ivan's friend, came running after, caught it and tore it to pieces. Out of the hare there flew a duck, a gray one which flew very high and was almost invisible, but the beautiful white duck

followed the bird and struck its gray enemy, which lost an egg. That egg fell into the deep sea. Ivan meanwhile was anxiously watching his faithful friends helping him. But

*All of a sudden a big fish came swimming up*

when the egg disappeared in the blue waters he could not help weeping. All of a sudden a big fish came swimming up, the same fish he had saved, and brought the egg in his mouth. How happy Ivan was when he took it! He broke it and found the needle inside, the magic needle upon which everything depended.

At the same moment Kostshei lost his strength and power forever. Ivan Tsarevitch entered his vast dominions, killed him with the magic needle, and in one of the palaces found his own dear wife, his beautiful Vassilissa. He took her home and they were very happy ever after.

*From "Folk Tales from the Russian."*

*Tsär'stvō*, the land ruled over by a tsar (czar); *sŏv'ĕr ĕign*, ruling with supreme power; *Tsa rev'itch* (tsä rāv'ĭch), the son of the tsar; *bō yär'-house*, the house of a nobleman; *ter'em* (tār'ĕm), the part of the boyar-house in which the rooms of the women were located; *dĕs'tĭ ny*, that which is determined by the higher powers; *bŏx*, a carriage; *wā'ġĕr*, to bet; *Kost'she ī* (kōst'shĕ ē), an evil spirit; *măġ'ĭc*, with wonderful power; *Iz boush'ka* (ēz bo͝osh'kä), a small hut; *Bä'bä Yä gä'*, a witch; *Vas sil is'sa* (väs ēl ē'sä).

STUDY HELPS

How did the three princes find their wives?

Why was the youngest so disappointed?

Tell the story of the loaves of bread.

What was the second task given? How did Ivan's wife get her rug made?

What third order did the Tsar give? Why was Ivan's brow "more cloudy than before"?

What instructions did the frog-wife give him about greeting her at the party?

Why did his brothers make fun of Ivan? What did they say was the reason he had not brought his wife?

Tell how Vassilissa arrived at the party, how she looked, and what she did.

Why was Ivan so happy?

What happened when the sisters-in-law tried to imitate Vassilissa?

Why did Ivan slip away before the party was over?

What was the result of his dreadful mistake?

Tell the story of how he finally succeeded in rescuing Vassilissa from Kostshei. Be careful to name everything that helped Ivan, and to tell just how it helped.

Are you glad the story turns out as it does? Why?

## THE FAIRIES

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
  All night awake.

High on the hilltop
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
  On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
  Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
  Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

*Rŭsh'y*, full of rushes; *Col'umb kill* (kŏl'um kĭl), a glen or village in County Donegal, Ireland; *Slīēve'lēague*, a mountain in County Donegal, Ireland; *Rŏss'es*, a group of mountains in County Donegal, Ireland; *crag'gy* (krăg'ĭ), with projecting rocks; *Nôrth'ērn Lights*, the aurora borealis, usually appearing as a fan-shaped body of streamers spreading from the north to the zenith.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn of the looks of the fairies from the first stanza?

What strange things do you learn of their home from the second stanza?

What do you learn of their king from the third stanza?

Of the story of little Bridget from the fourth stanza?

Of the thorn trees from the fifth stanza?

Do these seem to be good or bad fairies?

# TWO SHORT STORIES

## I. Why Bears have Short Tails

ÆSOP

Years and years ago all the bears had long tails. One day a bear met a fox with a long string of fish.

"I wish I could catch a string of fish like that," said the bear.

"Come with me and I will show you how," said the fox.

So they walked along until they came to a pond, and the fox said, "Dig a hole in the ice and let your tail down into the water. The fish will all come and bite on your tail."

Then the fox went home and the bear dug a hole in the ice and sat a long time with his tail in the water. At last he said to himself, "I must have enough fish now," and he gave a jerk at his tail, but it stuck fast. He pulled and pulled

so hard that at last he pulled his tail off. Then how he growled and looked about for the fox, but that cunning fellow was away off in his den, and every time he thought of the bear, he laughed and laughed.

## II. How the Hare's Coat Became Brown

ÆSOP

One day at a meeting of the forest creatures, King Eagle said to the hares. "You must bow to me every time we meet."

"No! No!" said the hares. "We won't do any such thing," and away they ran as fast as they could.

"Wait till I catch you, and then we shall see," screamed the eagle, and he flew to the highest branch of a tree, thinking he would catch them as they went by to the cabbage patch.

Now the poor hares grew thinner and thinner, but not one of them dared venture out, except Fleetfoot, who seemed to grow fatter and sleeker every day.

One night his friends decided to watch him. Fleetfoot stole out as usual, and the hares saw him roll over and over until his white coat was covered with dirt. Then he ran to the cabbage patch, ate a good dinner, and back he came, shaking the dirt off before he reached home.

Soon, every hare was doing exactly the same thing. The disappointed eagle, after watching and waiting a long time, flew away, angrily screaming as he went.

Study Helps

Read silently, and tell each of the above stories.
Which one of them do you think teaches the better lesson?

# LITTLE GOTTLIEB

A Christmas Story

PHŒBE CARY

Across the German ocean,
  In a country far from our own,
Once, a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
  Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
  Where the houses were poor and small,
But the home of little Gottlieb
  Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
  And his mother could do no more
(Though she scarcely laid her knitting down)
  Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night, beside her chair,
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her,
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'T was only a week till Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child, who was born that day,
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small.
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do.

Next day when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land,

Came one for the Christ-child, written
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And turned himself about:
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him, with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
Through all their noisy play;
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learnèd man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,
But he scarce might speak for fear,
When he saw her wondering look, and saw
The Burgomaster near.

He was n't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table, never full before,
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth
The Burgomaster said,

While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread:

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame.
To such as me for aid,
Be grateful to your little son,
And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
"Your written prayer, you see,
Came not to whom it was addressed.
It only came to me!

" 'T was but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours, you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same;
He put the thought in your heart!"

*Gŏtt'lieb; kēep the wolf* (wo͝olf) *frŏm the dōor,* keep out hunger; *fan'cy* (făn'sĭ), idea, thought; *Bûr'go màs'tĕr,* the mayor; *a māzed',* overwhelmed with wonder.

STUDY HELPS

Read the stanzas that tell you where Gottlieb and his mother lived and how poor they were.

What did Gottlieb intend to do when he grew up?

What led him to write the Christmas letter?

Why did the postman take it to the Burgomaster?

What did the Burgomaster do when he read it? What did he say?

What did the Burgomaster say to Gottlieb about the answer to his letter? How did Gottlieb explain the answer?

## WHAT TO LOOK FOR

ALICE CARY

Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

*Vĭs'age,* countenance, face.

STUDY HELPS

Commit these stanzas to memory. What lesson do they teach?

# THE HORSE THAT B'LEEVED HE'D GET THERE[1]

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

You've seen them thrashin' machines they're usin' round here. The sort, you know, where the horses keep steppin' up a board thing 's if they was climbin' uphill or goin' up a pair o' stairs, only they don't never get along a mite; they keep right in the same place all the time, steppin' and steppin', but never gittin' on.

Well, I knew a horse once, that worked on one o' them things. His name was Jack, and he was a nice horse. First time they put him on to thrash, he did n't know what the machine was, and he walked along and up the boards quick and lively, and he did n't see why he did n't get on faster. There was a horse side of him named Billy, a kind o' frettin', cross feller, and he see through it right off.

"Don't you go along," he says to Jack; "'t ain't no use; you won't never get on; they 're foolin' us, and I won't give in to 'em." So Billy he hung back and shook his head, and tried to get away, and to kick, and the man whipped him, and hollered at him. But Jack, he went on quiet and quick and pleasant, steppin' away, and he says softly to Billy, "Come along," he says; "it 's all right, we 'll be there bimeby. Don't you see how I 'm gittin' on a'ready?" And that was the way things went every day.

Jack never gin up; he climbed and climbed, and walked and walked, jest 's if he see the place he was goin' to, and 's if it got nearer and nearer. And every night when they took him off, he was as pleased with his day's journey 's if he'd gone twenty mile. "I've done first rate to-day," he says to

[1]From "Story-Tell Lib."; copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

cross, kickin' Billy. "The roads was good, and I never picked up a stone nor dropped a shoe, and I got on a long piece. I 'll be there pretty soon," says he. "Why," says Billy, "what a foolish fellow you be! You 've been in the same place all day, and ain't got on one mite. What do you mean by *there?* Where is it you think you 're goin', anyway?"

"Well, I don't 'xackly know," says Jack, "but I 'm gittin' there real spry. I 'most see it one time to-day." He did n't mind Billy's laughin' at him, and tryin' to keep him from bein' sat'sfied. He jest went on tryin' and tryin' to git there, and hopin' and b'leevin' he would after a spell. He was always peart and comfortable, took his work real easy, relished his victuals and drink, and slept first rate nights. But Billy he fretted and scolded and kicked and bit, and that made him hot and tired, and got him whipped, and hollered at, and pulled, and yanked. You see, he had n't got anything in his mind to chirk him up, for he did n't believe anything good was comin', as Jack did; he 'most knowed it was n't, but Jack 'most knowed it was. And Jack took notice of things that Billy never see at all. He see the trees a-growin', and heered the birds a-singin', and Injun Brook a-gugglin' along over the stones, and he watched the butterflies a-flyin', and sometimes a big yeller 'n' black one would light right on his back. Jack took notice of 'em all, and he 'd say, "I 'm gittin' along now, certain sure, for there 's birds and posies and flyin' things here I never see back along. I guess I 'm most there." "There, there!" Billy 'd say. "Where is it, anyway? I ain't never seen any o' them posies and creaturs you talk about, and I 'm right side of you on these old boards the whole time."

And all the children round there liked Jack. They 'd watch the two horses workin', and they see Billy all cross and skittish, holdin' back and shakin' his head and tryin' to kick, never takin' no notice o' them nor anything. And, again, they see Jack steppin' along, peart and spry, pleasant and willin', turnin' his head when they come up to him, and lookin' friendly at 'em out of his kind brown eyes, and they 'd say, the boys and girls would, "Good Jack! Nice old Jack!" and they 'd pat him and give him an apple, or a carrot, or suthin' good. But they did n't give Billy any. They did n't like his ways, and they was 'most afraid he 'd bite their fingers. And Jack would say, come evenin', "It 's gittin' nicer and nicer we get further on the road, ain't it? Folks is pleasanter speakin', and the victuals 'pears better flavored, and things is comfortabler every way, seem 's if, and I jedge by that we 're 'most there." But Billy 'd say, a-grumblin' away, "It 's worse 'n' worse, — young ones a-botherin' my life out o' me, and the birds a-jabberin' and the posies a-smellin' till my head aches. Oh, deary me! I 'm 'most dead." So 't went on and kep' on. Jack had every mite as hard work as Billy, but he did n't mind it, he was so full o' what was comin' and how good 't would be to get there. And 'cause he was pleasant and willin' and worked so good, and 'cause he took notice o' all the nice things round him, and see new ones every day, he was treated real kind, and never got tired and used up and low in his mind like Billy. Even the flies did n't pester him 's they done Billy, for he on'y said, when he felt 'em bitin' and crawlin', "Dog-days is come," says he, "for here 's the flies worse and worse. So the summer 's most over, and I 'll get there in a jiffy now."

What am I stoppin' for, do you say, 'Miry? 'Cause that 's all. You need n't make sech a fuss, child'en. It 's done, this story is, I tell ye. Leastways I don't know any more on it. I told you all about them two horses, and which had a good time and which did n't, and what 't was made the differ'nce 'twixt 'em. But you want to know whether Jack got there. Well, I don't know no more 'n the horses did what *there* was, but in my own mind I b'leeve he got it. Mebbe 't was jest dyin' peaceful and quiet, and restin' after all that steppin' and climbin'. He 'd a-liked that, partic'lar when he knowed the folks was sorry to have him go, and would allus rec'lect him. Mebbe 't was jest livin' on and on, int'rested and enjoyin', and liked by folks, and then bein' took away from the hard work and put out to pastur' for the rest o' his days. Mebbe 't was—Oh! I d' know. Might 'a' been lots o' things, but I feel pretty certin sure he got it, and he was glad he had n't gi'n up b'leevin' 't would come. For you 'member, all the time when Billy 'most knowed it was n't, Jack 'most knowed 't was.

*From "Story-Tell Lib."*

STUDY HELPS

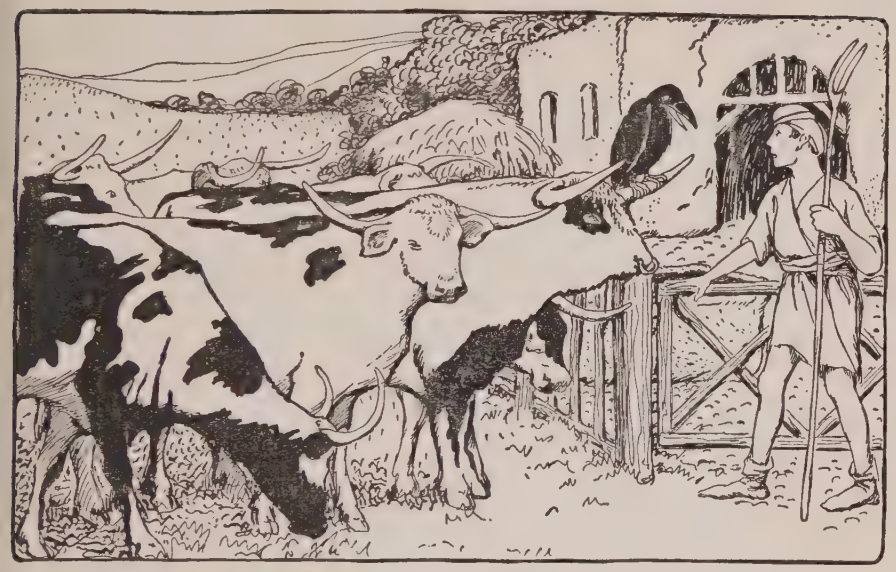
(The person speaking does not seem to be very well educated. But you can easily see what he means as you go along. His language is spelled out just as it sounds when you listen to such a talker.)

Describe the kind of "thrashin' machine" the speaker has in mind.

What difference do you see in the way the two horses did their work? Read some of the speeches that show this difference and the reason for it.

Why did the children like Jack? Why did they not like Billy? Read the speeches both made about the children.

Would you rather be able to look at things as Jack did, or as Billy did? Do you suppose Jack really "got there"?



# THE RAVEN AND THE CATTLE

P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU

One evening, as some cattle were wending their way home, a raven rode on the horns of a bull in the herd; and as he approached the cottage, cried to the farmer, "Friend, my work for the day is over: you may now take charge of your cattle."

"What was your work?" said the farmer.

"Why," said the raven, "the arduous task of watching these cattle and bringing them home."

"Am I to understand you have been doing all the work for me?" said the farmer.

"Certainly," said the raven, and flew away with a laugh.

Quoth the farmer with surprise, "How many there are that take credit for things which they have never done!"

*Wĕnd'ĭng*, going; *rā'ven*, a black bird like the crow, but larger; *är'du ous*, difficult; *quōth*, said, spoke; *cred'ĭt* (krĕd'ĭt), claiming honor or reward.

STUDY HELPS

Read silently, and tell the story.
At what was the farmer surprised?
Do you think the raven expected the farmer to believe him?
What lesson do you think the story teaches?

## A RIDDLE

SCHILLER

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls
  High over the tranquil sea;
In a moment it unfurls
  Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship with swelling sail
  May pass beneath its arch with ease;
It carries no burden, 't is too frail,
  And with your quick approach it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes;
  What it is made of nobody knows.

*Trăn'quil* (kwĭl), quiet; *ŭnfûrls'*, opens, unfolds; *swĕll'ĭng*, filled out with the wind.

STUDY HELPS

Notice all the things you are told about this bridge.
Have you ever seen a bridge like it?
If you have, describe it.
What is meant by "weaves its arch with pearls"?
What is the answer to the riddle?

## HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

*There he waited till the deer came*

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled;

But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward;
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

*I a'goo* (ē ä'goo); *Nō kō'mĭs; Hi a wa'tha* (hē à wä'thà); *O pe'chee* (ō pē'che); *O wais'sa* (ō wā'sà); *Ad jĭ dau'mō; Sōan ge tà'hà; Mahn-gō tāy'see; roe'buck'* (rō'bŭk'), the male of the roe deer; *ănt'lērs,* branching horns; *păl'pĭ tā'tĕd,* beat rapidly with strong feeling; *wā'ry,* careful; *fā'tal,* causing death; *băn'quet* (kwĕt), a great feast.

STUDY HELPS

Who was Iagoo? What did he do?
From what did he make the bow and arrows?

What did he tell Hiawatha to do?
Where did Hiawatha go?
What did the birds do? What did the squirrel do? What did the rabbit do?
Why did Hiawatha pay no attention to them?
What did he see from his hiding place?
What tells you how excited he was? How did he kill the deer?
What did Hiawatha's heart do then? (Can you tell why?)
Tell how he was welcomed for his success.
What was done with the deer?

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 't is very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:

"What most this wondrous beast is like,
  Is very plain," quoth he:
" 'T is clear enough the elephant
  Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
  Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
  Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
  Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
  About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
  That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
  Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
  Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
  Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
  And all were in the wrong.

*In'do stan'* (ĭn'dō stän'), India, a country in Asia; *ŏb sẽr vā'tion,* taking account of through the senses; *mär'vel,* wonderful thing; *grōpe,* to feel one's way with the hands.

STUDY HELPS

Why did the men go to see the elephant?

Why could they not know what the elephant looked like?

What happened to the first man and what did he think?

What did the second man touch? The third man? The fourth man? The fifth man?

Were they far from the truth?

Which do you think was farthest from finding out what the elephant was like?

Did each one believe he was right?

Which was right?

What do you think the story teaches?

## HIE AWAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

*Hie*, go quickly; *brae*, hillside; *copse'wood'* (kŏps'wo͝od'), underwood; *black'cock'* (blăk'kŏk'), male of the black grouse, a game bird of the British Isles; *trips*, runs lightly.

STUDY HELPS

Try to picture clearly the scenes to which you are asked to "hie away."

Read aloud so as to express the light, joyous spirit one would have going on such an excursion.

## THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Into the sunshine,
  Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
  Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

*Blithe'some*, joyous; *ăs pīr'ĭng*, seeking for that which is higher; *cease'less* (sēs'lĕs), without stopping.

STUDY HELPS

Read this poem two or three times, noticing the short lines and the quick, light movement of the language.

In what three kinds of light does the poet let you picture the fountain? Just how does it appear in each case?

What word in stanza 3 sums up the fountain's nature?

Stanzas 4, 5, 6, and 7 describe the fountain by naming all the qualities or characteristics that belong to it. Make a list of all these qualities in the order in which they are named.

Do you think the qualities mentioned are sufficient to justify the poet in calling it a "glorious fountain"? Try to explain why.

What appeal does the poet make to the fountain in stanza 8?

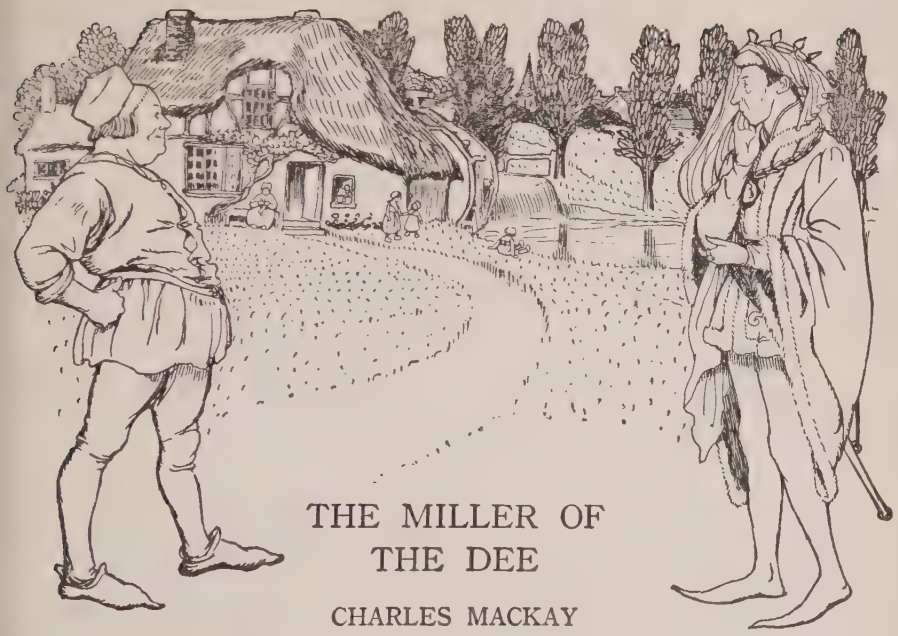
In what respects does he want to be like it?

Do you think it would be a good thing to be filled with the spirit of this fountain?

After answering all these questions, read the entire poem aloud so as to express its spirit.

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



# THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
  Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
  No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
  Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I—
  And nobody envies me!"

"Thou 'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal,
  "As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
  I 'd gladly change with thee.

And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I 'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou 'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

*Hāle*, hearty; *Dēe*, a river in England; *bur'den* (bûr'd'n), chorus; *Kĭng Hăl*, nickname for King Henry; *doffed* (dŏft), took off; *mēal'y*, overspread with meal or flour; *bōast*, pride; *fēe*, price.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn of the miller from the first three lines?
In what way was he like the lark?
What was the burden of his song?
In what did King Hal say the miller was wrong?
What question did the king ask the miller?

What do the words, "though I'm a king," tell you about the source of happiness?

What explanation does the miller give to account for his cheerfulness?

Explain what the king really meant when he said,

"Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee."

Why are such men as the miller "England's boast"?

## ON USING ONE'S POWERS

CHARLES CALEB COTTON

The ignorant have often given credit to the wise for powers that are permitted to *none*, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to *all*. The little Arabian tale of the dervish shall be the comment of this proposition.

A dervish was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervish.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!"

*They seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi*

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants: "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi; where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other." *From "Lacon."*

*A rā'bĭ an,* of Arabia, a country in Asia; *der'vish* (dûr'vĭsh), a Mohammedan monk; *com'ment* (kŏm'ĕnt), explanation; *ca'dĭ* (kā'dĭ), a village judge; *ad duced'* (dūst'), brought forth; *sor'cer er* (sôr'sĕr ĕr), magician, one in league with evil spirits; *herb'age* (ûr'baj), vegetation.

STUDY HELPS

What made the merchants think the dervish had stolen their camel?
What did they do with him?
Of what were they unable to convict him?
Since he was neither a liar nor a thief, how only could the merchants account for his certain knowledge about the camel?
What explanation did he give? Was it really a mystery?
Do you observe things as carefully as the dervish did?
Now go back to the first sentence and explain its meaning in the light of what you have learned.
In what does wisdom really consist?

## TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
  In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
  The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand,
  O'er the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,

As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handicraft!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We 'll not forget the sword!"

*Tu'bal Cain* (tū'bal kān), son of Lamech, a teacher of those who work in brass and iron (See *Genesis* iv, 22); *brawn'y* (brôn'ĭ), strong; *han'di craft* (hăn'dĭ krăft) or *han'di work* (hăn'dĭ wûrk), that which is made by the use of the hands; *crown* (kroun), the highest thing; *spoils*, products, such as various kinds of game; *lŭst*, longing; *car'nage* (kär'naj), destruction; *fŏre bōre'*, refrained from; *plow'share'* (plou'shâr'), that part of the plow which cuts into the ground; *ty'rant* (tī'rant), a cruel ruler.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn of Tubal Cain from the first stanza?

Read the words of his song. What does this song show that he regarded as the most important thing in the world?

Why did many a one come to him?

Why were they pleased with his services?

How did they reward him?

What change does the third stanza tell you came over him?

What caused this change?

What made him rise "at last with a cheerful face"?

What did he do?

What change did his new invention make in men?

Why was he more of a "stanch good friend" for making the plowshare than for making the sword?

When only is the sword to be remembered?

Explain: (1) "In the days when Earth was young"; (2) "spoils of the forest free"; (3) "plowed the willing lands."

## THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a strange people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wert able to find edible food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs."

*The chief received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold*

"So be it," replied the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their court of justice. The plaintiff said: "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might

be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

The defendant answered: "I hope that I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure was included."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, repeated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or not he understood them aright.

Then, after some reflection, he said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And thou," said the judge, turning to the other, "a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let the son marry the daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him.

"Oh, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does it rain there?"

"Assuredly."

"Wonderful! But are there in that country tame animals which live on the grass and green herbs?"

"Very many, and of many kinds."

"Ay, that must be the cause," said the chief, "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country." *From "The Friend."*

*Al'ex an'der* (ăl'ĕg zăn'dĕr) *the Mac'e do'ni an* (măs'e dō'nĭ an), Alexander the Great, who conquered the known world, and at thirty-four wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; *ĕd'ĭ ble*, fit to eat; *sō'joûrn*, tarry; *all ĭts con tin'gent* (kon tĭn'jent), all that goes with it; *cus'to dy* (kŭs'to dĭ), arrest; *as sur'ed ly* (a shōōr'ĕd lĭ), certainly.

STUDY HELPS

What was strange about the people Alexander visited?
Why did they put gold instead of food before him?
What did Alexander tell them he had come for?
Tell what dispute came up for settlement.
How did the judge settle the dispute?
How did the decision seem to affect Alexander?
How did he say the dispute would have been settled in his country?
Why did this answer astonish the chief?
What questions did the chief ask?
How did he explain the facts in Alexander's answers?
What lesson is Coleridge trying to teach by this story?

## WHAT I LIVE FOR

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;

For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who 've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

*Ăs sīgned'*, set apart for; *ĕm'u lāte*, to follow after, imitate; *bärds*, poets; *mar'tyrs* (mär'tẽrz), those who give their lives for a cause; *sāġ'es*, wise men; *com mun'ion* (ko mūn'yun), fellowship; *fic'tion* (fik'shun), something not real, an invented story.

STUDY HELPS

What ties are mentioned in stanza 1 as motives for a good life?

What encouragement does the speaker think we can find in the past?

What is "time's great volume"?

The third stanza says there are divine influences to stir us to higher life. Where does the speaker find them?

Who has foretold a perfect future? How will men live then?

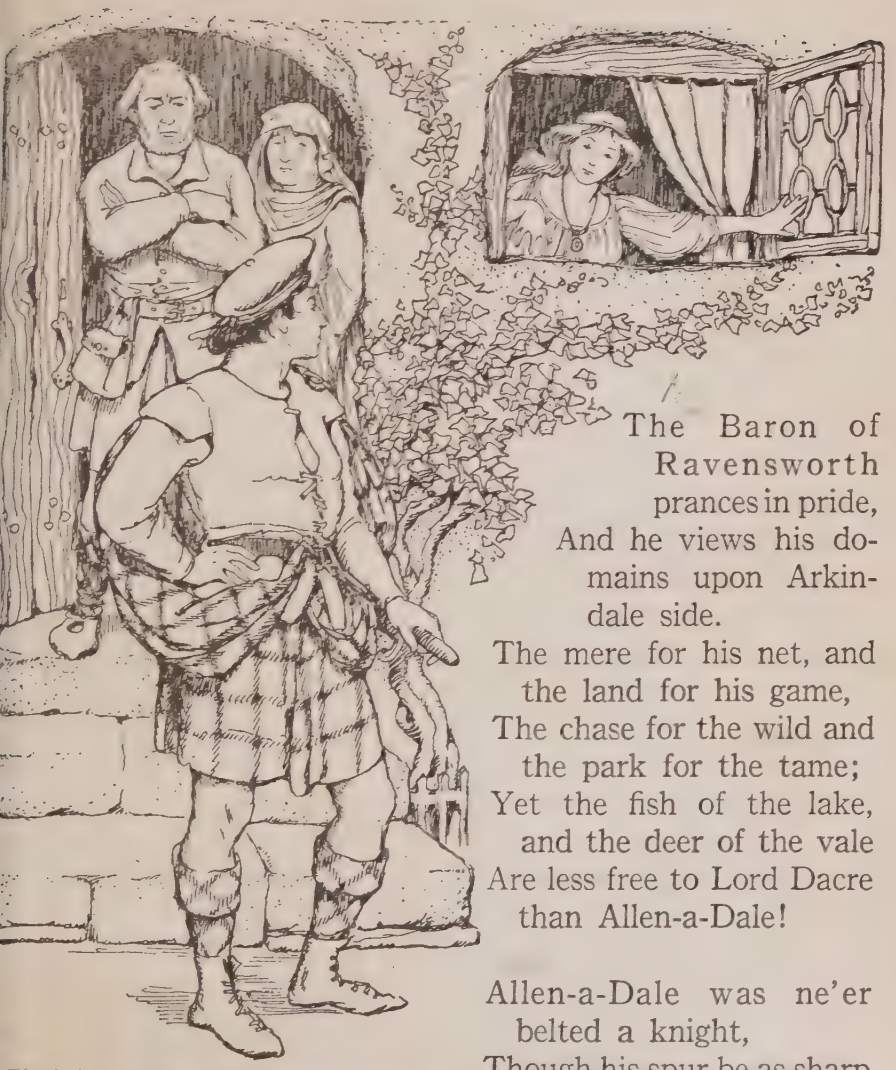
In what way will the world be like Eden?

What lines in the fifth stanza are repeated from the first stanza?

## ALLEN-A-DALE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! Come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.



*The father was steel, and the mother was stone;*
*They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone*

The Baron of Ravensworth
prances in pride,
And he views his do-
mains upon Arkin-
dale side.
The mere for his net, and
the land for his game,
The chase for the wild and
the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake,
and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre
than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er
belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp
and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,

Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone.
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry!
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye;
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

*Făg'ot,* wood cut into short lengths for the fire; *rēad,* tell the meaning of; *craft* (krȧft), skill; *mēre,* lake; *chāse,* the woods; *yeō'man,* bowman; *bŏn'nĕt,* hat; *vāil,* take off.

STUDY HELPS

Read the lines that state the riddle you are asked to guess.
What is there difficult to understand in this riddle?
What contrast between the Baron of Ravensworth and Allen-a-Dale is stated in the second stanza?
Stanza 3 tells you why Allen-a-Dale is powerful. Why?
Stanzas 2 and 3 suggest the answer to the riddle. What is Allen-a-Dale's "craft," or business by which he wins gold?
Why did the mother ask of "his household and home"?
What answer did he make? What did he mean?
How did the father and mother treat his answer?
How did the young lady show her opinion of Allen-a-Dale's wooing?

# A MAD TEA PARTY

"LEWIS CARROLL"

## I

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it 's asleep, I suppose it does n't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There is n't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it was n't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It was n't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I did n't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it 's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I 'm glad they 've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that 's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!' "

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!' "

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!' "

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which was n't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it

uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter would n't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you should n't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: than he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and does n't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that 's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said,

without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No; I give it up," Alice replied: "what 's the answer?"

"I have n't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you would n't talk about wasting *it*. It 's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he 'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you 'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then—I should n't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you

could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare). "It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:—

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

"'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle'"—

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*"—and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's

always tea time, and we 've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

*Dôr'mouse*, a small animal of the squirrel kind; *civ'il* (sĭv'ĭl), polite; *whiles* (hwīlz), times.

STUDY HELPS

Where did this party take place, and who were present? Picture the scene at the time Alice approached.

How was Alice received?

What subjects are talked about? Why does Alice have trouble in keeping track of the conversation?

What riddle is Alice asked to guess?

What part does the Dormouse take in the talk?

Do you see any reasons for calling this a "mad tea party"?

## II

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning, "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I was n't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie: and they lived at the bottom of a well"—

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They could n't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they 'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I 've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who 's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then

turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There 's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you 'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know"—

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the

Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse,—"well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M"—

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think"—

"Then you should n't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

*She got up in great disgust and walked off*

"At any rate I 'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood.

"It's the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then* — she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower beds and the cool fountains.

*From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."*

*Trea'cle* (trē'k'l), molasses; *cau'tious ly* (kô'shus lĭ), guardedly, carefully; *tri um'phant ly* (trī ŭm'fant lĭ), joyfully because of an advantage gained.

STUDY HELPS

Why was the Dormouse awakened?

What difficult questions did he have to answer in his story?

Do you find that Alice is all the time trying to make sense out of what is said?

What rude remark did the Hatter make to Alice? Do you think this remark had any sense in it?

How did Alice's leaving affect the party?

What did Alice say about the party? Can you tell why it seemed so stupid to her?

## THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

CHARLES DIBDIN

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:

"A strong nor-wester 's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I 've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

*Hur'ri cane* 'hŭr'ĭ kān', a violent wind storm; *quid* (kwĭd), a "chew," as of tobacco; *fōōl'här'dy*, foolishly reckless; *spous'es*, wives; *chĭm'ney pŏts*, earthenware or metal pipes added to the tops of chimneys to increase the draft.

STUDY HELPS

On what kind of night did Barney make this speech?
Study these expressions: (1) "sea was mountains rolling"; (2) "strong nor-wester"; (3) "hear it roar now."
What folks does he pity?
What kind of "chaps" does he think live in town?
Why are they quaking?
What dangers does he think threaten the people who work out doors all day?
What risk, in his opinion, do all landsmen run?
Where does he think is the safe place to be?
Do you agree with him?
Why has he forgotten the dangers of the sea?

## THE LESSON OF THE WATER MILL

SARAH DOUDNEY

Listen to the water mill
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves;
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gatherèd.
Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
Tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again,
To the water mill;
Truly speaks that proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
True and loving heart;

Golden youth is fleeting by,
Summer hours depart.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away!
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy "to-day."
Power, and intellect, and health
May not always last—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good that might have been,
Lost, without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,

Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

*Lăn'guĭd ly*, feebly, lazily; *prŏv'ĕrb*, an old saying in common use; *spĕll*, charm, magic power; *con ceived'* (kon sēvd'), existing in the mind.

STUDY HELPS

Mention all the sounds you can hear in stanza 1.
How can a proverb "haunt" the mind?
What are you told about the leaves, and the corn, and the streamlet, in stanza 2?
What lesson are you asked to take to yourself in stanza 3?
What lines tell you why it is important to learn this lesson?
What lesson about work is stated in stanza 4?
What "may not always last"?
Read the lines in the last stanza that tell the things that have been lost by not paying attention to the truth in the proverb.
Repeat the proverb from memory.

## SEVEN TIMES ONE

JEAN INGELOW

There 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There 's no rain left in heaven;
I 've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

*O columbine, open your folded wrapper*

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you 're a dusty fellow;
You 've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it,—
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

*Brāve,* showy; *märsh'mā'ry,* the marsh marigold, a golden flowered plant growing in moist places; *col'um bine* (kŏl'um bīn), a garden plant with a flower like clustered pigeons; *cuck'oo pint'* (kŏŏk'ōō pĭnt'), a common European flower, called also "lords-and-ladies"; *lĭn'nĕt,* a very common small song bird.

STUDY HELPS

This is a birthday poem. How old is the speaker?

What can you tell of the time of day from the opening lines?

What has the speaker already done on this birthday?

What does she say about the moon? What question does she ask the moon, and what hope does she express?

Can you tell from stanzas 5 and 6 whether the speaker is having a good time?

Why can the linnet safely show her the "nest with the young ones in it"?

Choose a stanza that you like.

## THE GOLDEN GOOSE

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

There was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling, and was on all occasions despised and ill-treated by the whole family. It happened that the eldest took it into his head one day to go into the wood to

cut fuel; and his mother gave him a delicious pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work.

As he went into the wood, a little old man bade him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine! No, I thank you; I should not have enough left for myself": and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was obliged to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that caused him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work; and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever you get, I shall lose; so go your way!" The little man took care that he should have his reward; and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree, hit him on the leg; so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father answered, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing of the business." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way; you will be wiser when you have suffered for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread, and a bottle of sour beer; but when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat

*They ate and drank heartily*

and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if that will suit you, we will sit down and eat it together." So they sat down, and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a capital pasty, and his sour beer became delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave and went his way.

— Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found in a hollow under the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on

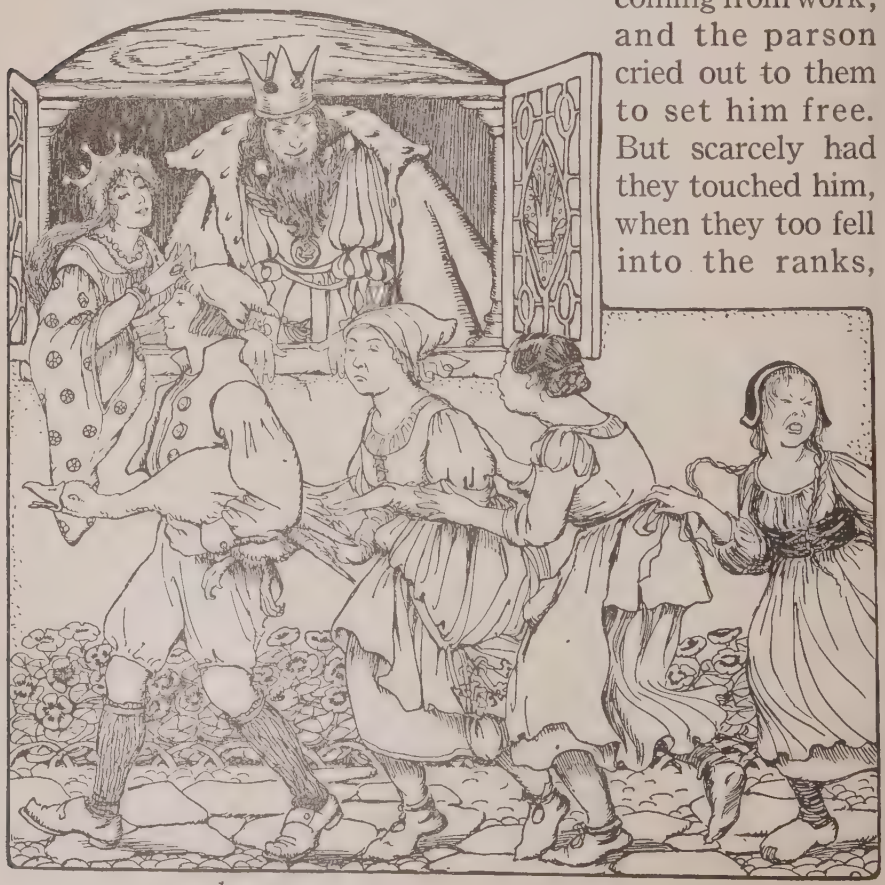
to an inn, where he proposed to sleep for the night. The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very curious to examine what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till his back was turned, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great surprise there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again.

Presently in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! For heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night.

The next morning Dummling carried off the goose under his arm, and took no notice of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he traveled, they too were obliged to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

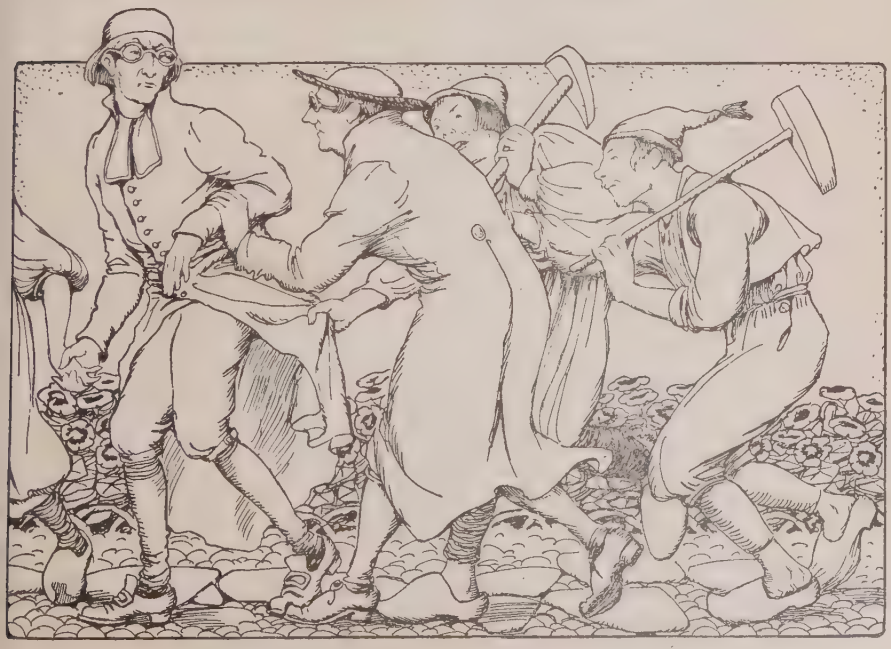
In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields? Is that proper behavior?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but the moment he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in

the train. Presently, up came the clerk; and when he saw his master the parson running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Hollo! hollo! your reverence! Whither so fast? There is a christening to-day." Then he ran up, and took him by the gown, and in a moment he was fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two laborers with their mattocks, coming from work; and the parson cried out to them to set him free. But scarcely had they touched him, when they too fell into the ranks,



and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and serious a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had proclaimed to all the world that whoever could made her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running about, treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife; the wedding was celebrated, and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.



*Pāst'y*, a meat pie; *cap'i tal* (kăp'ĭ tal), first class; *trāin*, procession of followers; *clerk* (klûrk), the parson's assistant in the affairs of the parish; *măt'tocks* (uks), implements for digging and grubbing.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn about Dummling's family from the opening lines?

Tell what happened when the eldest went to the wood to cut fuel. (Be sure to tell (1) what food his mother gave him, (2) whom he met, (3) what the stranger asked for, (4) why the brother refused, (5) what happened when he began to cut down a tree.)

What happened when the second son went to the wood?

What happened when Dummling went to the wood?

Why did the old man "send a blessing" upon Dummling?

Tell what took place when Dummling started to take the goose home.

Picture clearly the procession when it reached the city gates.

Are you surprised that the serious princess laughed when she saw this procession?

Why do you think Dummling deserved all the good fortune that befell him?

## THE SONG OF STEAM

GEORGE W. CUTTER

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze;

When I saw the peasant faintly reel
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then you saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline,
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blessed,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine:

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below;
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print,
On every Saturday eve.

I 've no muscles to weary, no frame to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf";
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.

But harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

*Pū'ny*, very weak; *con cealed'* (kon sēld'), hidden; *way'ward* (wā'-wẽrd), uncertain; *cour'ser* (kōr'sẽr), a fast horse; *O'rĭ ent*, eastern; *fōrġe*, shape; *mint*, place where money is coined.

STUDY HELPS

Who speaks in this poem? In what kind of humor is he? Why does he tell us to harness him down?

Why did he laugh as he lay concealed?

What things are mentioned in the second and third stanzas that the steam thought he could outstrip when given a chance?

Read the lines that tell what happened when "they found me at last."

Why does he say "the world is mine"?

Read as many passages as you can find in which the steam tells what he does.

Does he put all these things "in print" oftener now than "every Saturday eve"?

In the last stanza what advantage does he say he has over man?

Do you suppose it will ever be true that we may "go and play" and let steam manage things?

Why does he repeat his caution about harnessing him down?

## TWO TWISTERS

### I. ONE, TWO, THREE

One old Oxford ox opening oysters;
Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tadbury;
Three tall tigers tippling tenpenny tea;
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;
Five fishers foolishly fishing for flies;
Six sportsmen shooting snipe;

Seven Severn salmon swallowing shrimps;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling knobs;
Ten tinklers tinkling upon ten tin tinder boxes with ten tenpenny tacks;
Eleven elephants elegantly equipped;
Twelve typographers typically translating type.

### II. A Cure for the Hiccough

(Read in one breath)

A thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching.
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a-thatching?
If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
Where 's the thatching the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

*Old Nonsense.*

## THE NOSE

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

### I

Did you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old age, when one evening they reached a deep, gloomy wood through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly,

*They had journeyed a long way*

sleep in the wood; so, to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired, he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before all on a sudden up came a little man in a red jacket. "Who's there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of a friend?" "An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have nothing left to live on. Come, sit down and warm yourself." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

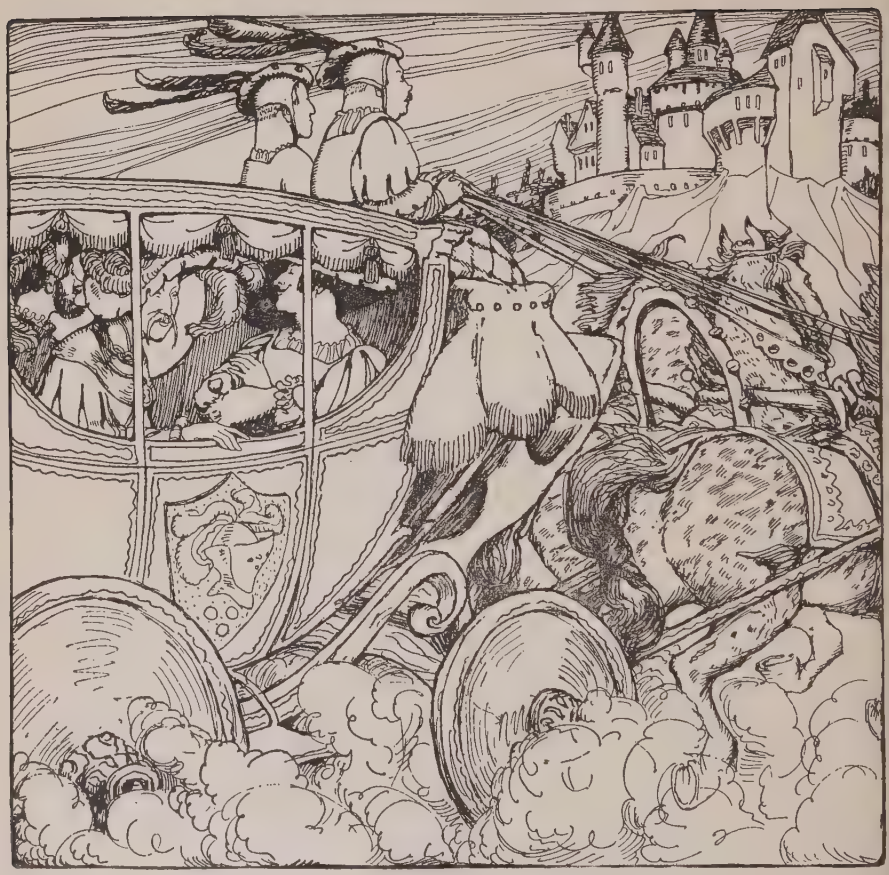
Then the third soldier's turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played,

and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning, each told his story and showed his treasure; and as they all liked each other very much and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of oxen were grazing about, and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple-gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but it would not do to stay at home always, so they got together all their rich clothes and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring king.

Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for kings' sons, he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, he saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand. When he asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her; —though indeed it did not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that



*And set out on a journey to see a neighboring king*

she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning, the soldiers set out for home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something

indeed in it, but to their great sorrow when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap. I will soon get the purse back."

So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling her gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him, she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" so that the whole court came running in, and tried to seize him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so without thinking of the ready way of traveling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast, a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or not one stone would be left upon

*There he found her sitting alone, telling her gold*

another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some other way." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them, and dressed herself out as a poor girl with a basket on her arm; and set out by

night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Among the rest, came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd and went into his tent, where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood.

*Dăp'ple-grāy'*, gray with spots of deeper shade; *sĭg'nĭ fy*, matter; *be trāyed'*, deceived; *mĭs hăp'*, bad luck; *tĕll'ĭng*, counting; *ō'vēr-rēach'*, take advantage of; *băl'lads*, stories in song.

STUDY HELPS

Why were the three soldiers begging their way home?
What plan did they agree upon "to make all as safe as they could"?
What happened while the first watched? the second? the third?
Tell what you can of the stranger's appearance.
What did the soldiers decide to do?
Which gift did they use first? How long did this satisfy them?
What did they do next? What kind of home did they get?
Why did they go on a visit to the king?
How did the second soldier lose his purse?
How did the first soldier lose his cloak?
How did the third soldier lose his horn?

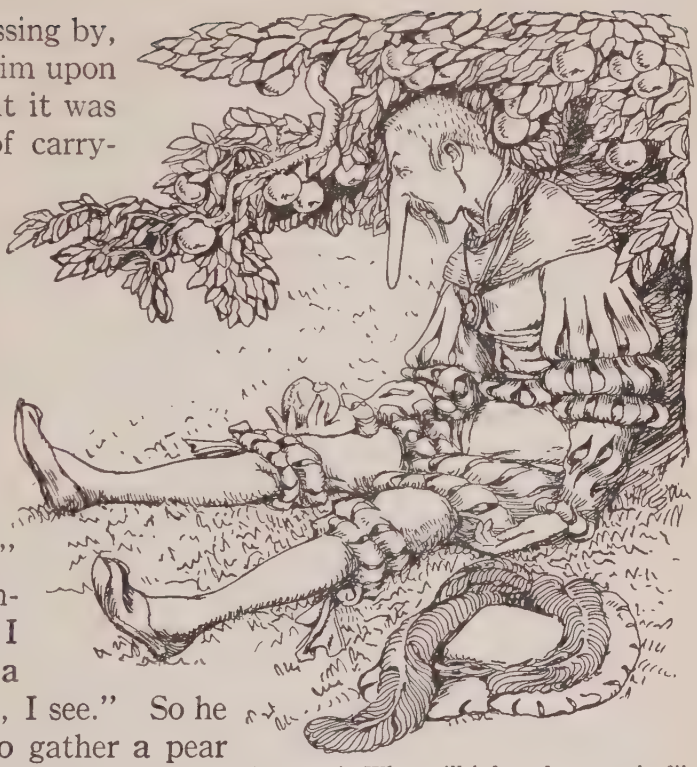
## II

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who

had had the purse, "we had better part; we cannot live together. Let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time, till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, at opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way. He felt it; it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there; still it grew and grew. "Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

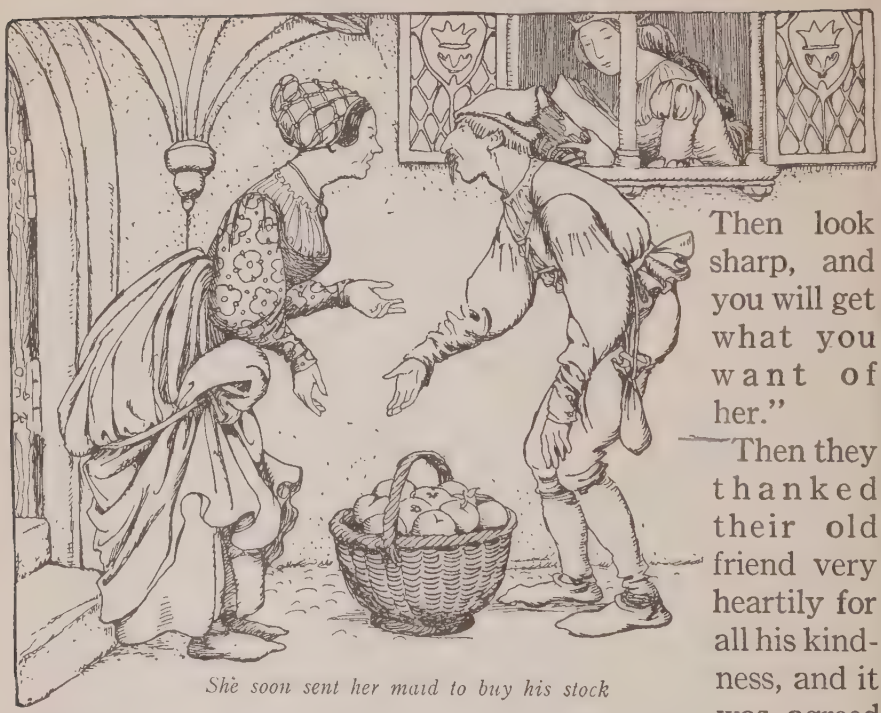
Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they. So they traced it up till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass



*"Heavens! When will it have done growing?"*

that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing. "Well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man. "Take some of those pears and apples with you. Whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now, but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did.



*She soon sent her maid to buy his stock*

Then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, and said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing fast all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave it to her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her"; so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is; you have stolen goods about you, I am sure, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it." Then he went to the king and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said the king, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two brothers, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple-gray horses.

*Spruce'ly* (sprōōs'lĭ), in neat and trim fashion.

STUDY HELPS

What plan did the soldiers decide upon after they had lost all their magic gifts?

Tell of the second soldier's adventure with the apples.

How did the others find him, and how did they try to help him?

What cure for "nose" did the little man find for them?

What plan did he suggest to them for getting back the lost articles?

Tell how the old soldier managed the affair.

Why did he play the part of the doctor?

Did the princess deserve the treatment she received?

Are you glad it all turned out so well for the old soldiers?

## THE SPRING WALK

THOMAS MILLER

We had a pleasant walk to-day,
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water mill,
By the woodside, and up the hill;
And if you listen to what I say,
I 'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so shy,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as the summer's sky.

An elder branch dipp'd in the brook;
We wondered why it moved, and found
A silken-hair'd, smooth water rat
Nibbling and swimming round and round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found whilst listening by a hedge
To hear a merry plowman sing.

And from the earth the plow turn'd up
There came a sweet refreshing smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

We saw the yellow wallflower wave
Upon a moldering castle wall,

And then we watch'd the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm trees tall.

And leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below we saw our shadows lie,
And through the gloomy arches watch'd
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And we tried to find it, but the sky
Was fill'd with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
And heard a pheasant's wing go "whir";
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
I 'm sure that it would take me hours;
For the whole landscape was alive
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.

*Shēaths*, coverings; *cel'an dine* (sĕl'an dīn), a yellow-flowered plant; *a nĕm'o ne*, a kind of early spring flower; *lĭly of the vāle*, same as the lily of the valley; *rŏŏks*, black hoarse-voiced birds of the crow tribe; *pheas'ant* (fĕz'ant), a kind of game bird.

STUDY HELPS

At what time of year was this walk taken?
Where does the first stanza tell you that they went?
What did they see "amid a hedge"?
What is meant by the "first leaves peeping from their sheaths so shy"?
What did they see in the brook? in a broad meadow? upon the shady banks? while listening to a plowman? at the moldering castle? at the old stone bridge? near the wood? in the village fields?
Why are we not told all they saw?
Make a list of all the living things named, and tell what each was doing.
Make a list of all the flowers mentioned, with their colors.
What "sweet refreshing smell" is mentioned? To what is it likened?
Do you think these walkers saw more than people usually see when they take a walk? How do you explain it?

## THE SUMMER SHOWER

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain,
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers, sing.

Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing their sheaves;
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

*Loi'tẽrs,* lingers, waits about; *täunt'ĭng,* jeering at; *dĭs māy',* a sinking of the spirits; *ûr'chĭn,* a mischievous boy.

STUDY HELPS

Picture the scene given in the first stanza.

Describe the coming of the shower, and tell its effects on the wild birds, the boy, the swallows, and the laborers.

Picture the scene when the shower had passed.

Find four comparisons in the poem.

What is the "beautiful bow" of the last line?

How many times is the boy mentioned? What is told of him on each occasion?

## KING CANUTE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

King Canute was weary hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild seashore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,

Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him—that was clear to old and young:
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favorite gleemen sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served to dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

" 'T is the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I 'm sick, and tired, and weary,"—Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

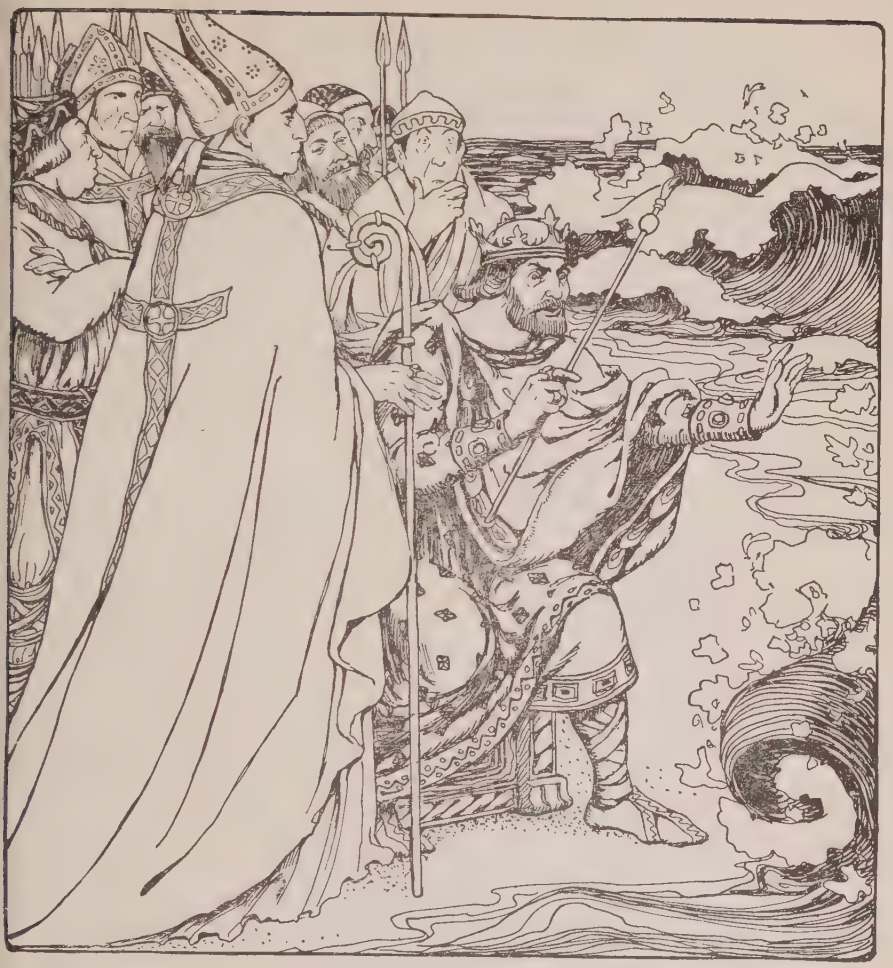
Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded;
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered. Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold.
Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mold! . . .

"Yea, I feel," continued Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?



*"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine"*

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do 't. . . .

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon
stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute
cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the
sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my Lord, are
thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou
foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to
retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's
seat.
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the
shore.
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers
bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human
clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas
obey;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: parasites exist alway.

*Ca nute'* (ka nūt'), a famous king of England and Denmark in the eleventh century; *Chan'cel lor* (chăn'sel ẽr), high state official; *Bĭsh'op*, high church official; *se dāte'*, thoughtful; *chām'bẽr laĭns*, officers who manage the royal household; *sĭlvẽr stĭcks and gōld stĭcks*, officers of the life guards, so-called from the rods given them when they receive their commissions; *āides-de-camp* (kămp), military officers to assist a general or sovereign; *court'iers* (kōrt'yẽrz), gentlemen of the court; *glēe'men*, minstrels, singers; *lam'prēys* (lăm'prĭz), eel-like fish; *prĭth'ee*, pray thee; *lack'eys* (lăk'ĭz), servants; *lŭst'y*, healthy; *Jewish captain* (jū'ĭsh kăp'tĭn), Joshua (for the story, see *Joshua* x, 12); *păr'a sītes*, toadies, persons who live off others.

STUDY HELPS

Why was the king "weary-hearted"?
Picture the scene described in the opening stanzas.
Why were the attendants of the king so concerned about his condition? Do you think they understood his trouble?
What instances of "toadyism" can you find in the story?
What did the bishop say about the power of the king?
How did the king show that the bishop was wrong?
What did the king mean by saying, "If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tides"?
What lesson did Canute read his followers?
Why did he no longer wear his "crown of empire"?
Try to explain what Thackeray meant by the last line.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PETS

WASHINGTON IRVING

### I. THE DOGS

Scott proposed a ramble to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound Maida, a noble animal, and a great favorite of

Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived to the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and to speak to them, as if rational companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society.

As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a frolic. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity and jog on as before.

Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

Scott spoke of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced

terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day, in a lumber garret, whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humbled and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him.

While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry, but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently aroused to ramp forward two or three bounds and join in the chorus, with a deep-mouthed bow-wow!

*Ĕs tăb'lĭsh ment*, household, place of residence; *sĕt'tẽr*, a kind of long-haired dog which stands rigid on scenting game; *pĕnd'ent*, hanging; *sū pẽr ăn'nu ā'ted*, too old for active service; *rā'tion al*, with power to think; *de co'rum* (de kō'rum), good behavior; *găm'bol*, run about in sport; *grăv'ĭ ty*, seriousness; *lâird*, a landed proprietor in Scotland; *splēen*, ill humor; *fry* (frī), the young, a crowd of small creatures.

STUDY HELPS

Describe the dogs that joined Scott and Irving in the walk.
How did Scott treat his dogs?
Tell how Maida behaved.
How did Scott explain Maida's actions?
What account did Scott give of the little terrier?
Have you ever noticed in dogs any such qualities as are told of here?

## II. THE CAT

Among the other important and privileged members of the household who figured in attendance at the dinner, was a large gray cat, who, I observed, was regaled from time

to time with titbits from the table. This sage grimalkin was a favorite of both master and mistress, and slept at night in their room; and Scott laughingly observed that one of the least wise parts of their establishment was that the window was left open at night for Puss to go in and out.

The cat assumed a kind of ascendancy among the quadrupeds—sitting in state in Scott's armchair, and occasionally stationing himself on a chair beside the door, as if to review his subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff beside the ears as he went by. This clapper-clawing was always taken in good part; it appeared to be, in fact, a mere act of sovereignty on the part of grimalkin, to remind the others of their vassalage; which they acknowledged by the most perfect acquiescence. A general harmony prevailed between sovereign and subjects, and they would all sleep together in the sunshine.

While Scott was reading, the sage grimalkin had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire, and remained with fixed eye and grave demeanor, as if listening to the reader. I observed to Scott that his cat seemed to have a black-letter taste in literature.

"Ah," said he, "these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of. It comes no doubt from their being so familiar with witches and warlocks."

He went on to tell a little story about a gude man who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy

*The sage grimalkin had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire*

man, astonished and half frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home and told what he had seen to his wife and children. Scarce had he finished, when a great black cat that sat beside the fire raised himself up, exclaimed, "Then I am king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney. The funeral seen by the gude man was one of the cat dynasty.

"Our grimalkin here," added Scott, "sometimes reminds

me of the story, by the airs of sovereignty which he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect from the idea that he may be a great prince incog, and may some time or other come to the throne."

In this way Scott would make the habits and peculiarities of even the dumb animals about him subjects for humorous remark or whimsical story. *Passages from "Abbotsford."*

*Re gāled'*, fed; *grĭ măl'kĭn*, an old word for cat (Shakespeare gave the name to a fiend supposed to resemble a cat); *as cend'an cy* (a sĕn'dan sĭ), rulership; *văs'sal aġe*, inferiority; *ac'qui es'cence* (ăk'wĭ ĕs'ens), obedience; *de mean'or* (de mēn'ẽr), appearance; *blăck'-lĕt'tẽr*, the ancient heavy-faced type used in printing books; *war'locks* (wôr'lŏks), wizards, persons who exert evil spells; *gude* (güd), Scottish form of "good"; *dy'nas ty* (dī'nas tĭ), line of rulers; *in cog'* (ĭn kŏg'), with identity kept secret (shortened form of *in cog'ni to* (ĭn kŏg'nĭ tō), unknown); *whim'si-cal* (hwĭm'zĭ kal), fantastic.

STUDY HELPS

What shows that the cat was an "important and privileged" member of the household?

How did the cat treat the dogs? Did they resent this treatment?

What did the cat do that seemed mysterious?

What story did this lead Scott to tell?

How did he apply the story to this cat?

## A RIDDLE

CATHERINE FANSHAWE

'Twas in *heaven* pronounced, and 'twas muttered in *hell*,
And *echo* caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of *earth* 'twas permitted to rest,
And the *depths* of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the *sphere* when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the *lightning* and heard in the *thunder*.

'Twas allotted to man with his earliest *breath*,
Attends him at *birth*, and awaits him at *death*,
Presides o'er his *happiness*, *honor*, and *health*,
Is the prop of his *house*, and the end of his *wealth*.
In the *heaps* of the miser 'tis *hoarded* with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal *heir*.
It begins every *hope*, every *wish* it must bound,
With the *husbandman* toils, and with *monarchs* is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam;
But woe to the wretch who expels it from *home!*
In the *whispers* of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the *whirlwind* of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the *heart;* but, though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly *hear*.
Yet in *shade* let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah! *breathe* on it softly—it dies in an *hour*.

*Al lŏt'tĕd*, set apart for; *prŏd'ĭ gal*, spendthrift.

STUDY HELPS

This famous riddle, as you can no doubt easily see, is a series of suggestions on the part played in words by the letter "h".

In reading, bring out the words containing "h" so as to give that letter the sound value suggested by the statements.

## ROSE AND ROOT

JOHN JAMES PIATT

The rose aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark root little care,
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower:
"Pride of the summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the rose answer'd: "I am seen."

I put my question to the root—
"I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden miner underfoot;
I know a rose is overhead."

STUDY HELPS

What facts about the rose are found in stanza 1?
What question is the rose asked? What is it called in this question? Explain its answer.
What answer does the root make to the same question?
Try to state the lesson which is taught by these two answers.

## THE TAX-GATHERER

JOHN BANISTER TABB

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

*Pub'li can* (pŭb'lĭ kan), a collector of taxes or tributes; *tax* (tăks), a charge laid upon persons or property for public purposes.

STUDY HELPS

What question did the violet ask her visitor?
Who did he say he was?
Why was he calling upon the violet?
With what would she pay her tax?
Does the violet use her eyeglass all day?

# ON HUNT OF WATER

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

[The good ship *Pacific* was on its way from England to Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, with their four children and a colored servant girl named Juno, were passengers. The ship was knocked about by storms and finally deserted by all the crew with the exception of an old seaman named Masterman Ready; who remained with the Seagraves. He succeeded in running the ship ashore on a small island in the South Seas. Before the ship broke up many supplies, some pigs, goats, chickens, and two dogs, named Romulus and Remus, were taken ashore. No fresh water was found on the side of the island where they had landed, and Ready and the older boy, William, a lad of twelve years, start out to find water and to explore the island.]

## I. CROSSING THE ISLAND

Ready was up before the sun had appeared, and awakened William. They dressed themselves in silence, because they did not wish that Mrs. Seagrave should be disturbed. The knapsacks had been already packed, with two bottles of water in each, wrapped round with coconut leaves to prevent their breaking, and the beef and pork divided between each knapsack. Ready's, which was larger than William's, held the biscuit and several other things which Ready had prepared in case they might need them; and round his waist he twisted two cords, to tie the dogs if required.

As soon as the knapsacks were on, Ready took the ax and gun, and asked William if he thought he could carry a small spade on his shoulder. William replied that he could;

and the dogs, who appeared to know they were going, were already standing by them, when Ready went to one of the small water casks, took a drink himself, gave one to William, and then as much to the dogs as they would drink. Having done this, just as the sun rose, they turned into the coconut grove, and were soon out of sight of the tents.

"Now, Master William, do you know," said Ready, stopping after they had walked about twenty yards, "by what means we may find our way back again; for you see this forest of trees is rather puzzling, and there is no path to guide us?"

"No, I am sure I cannot tell: I was thinking of the very same thing when you spoke; and of Tom Thumb, who strewed peas to find his way back, but could not do it, because the birds picked them all up."

"Well, Tom Thumb did not manage well, and we must try to do better; we must do as the Americans always do in their woods,—we must *blaze* the trees."

"Blaze them! What, set fire to them?" replied William.

"No, no, Master William. *Blaze* is a term they use (why, I know not, except that there must be a term for everything) when they cut a slice of the bark off the trunk of a tree, just with one blow of a sharp ax, as a mark to find their way back again. They do not blaze every tree, but about every tenth tree as they go along, first one to the right, and then one to the left, which is quite sufficient; and it is very little trouble,—they do it as they walk along, without stopping. So now we 'll begin: you take the other side, it will be more handy for you to have the hatchet in

your right hand; I can use my left. See now—just a slice off the bark—the weight of the ax does it almost, and it will serve for a guide through the forest for years."

"What an excellent plan!" observed William, as they walked along, occasionally marking the trees.

"But I have another friend in my pocket," replied Ready, "and I must use him soon."

"What is that?"

"Poor Captain Osborn's pocket compass. You see, William, the blazing will direct us how to go back again; but it will not tell us what course we are now to steer. At present, I know we are going right, as I can see through the wood behind us; but by and by we shall not be able, and then I must make use of the compass."

"I understand that very well; but tell me, Ready, why do you bring the spade with us—what will be the use of it? You never said you were going to take one yesterday morning."

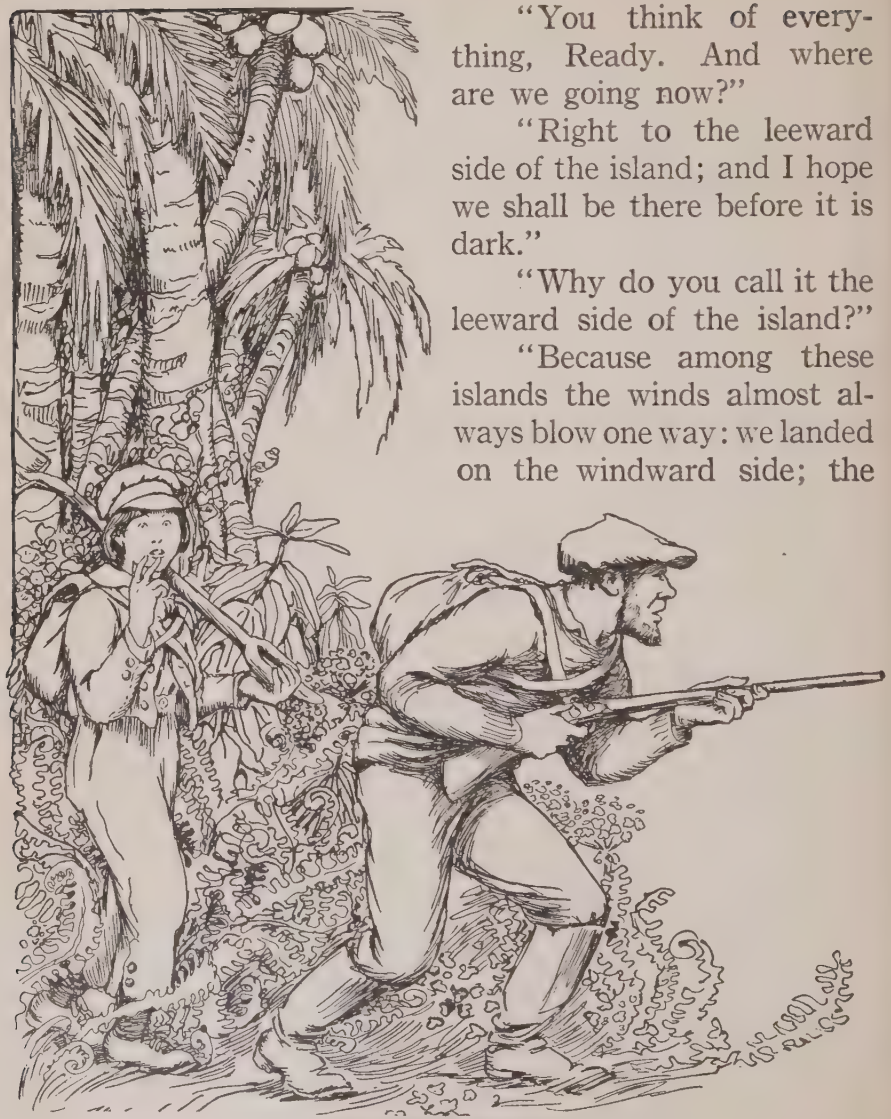
"No, Master William, I did not, as I did not like to make your mother anxious about anything; but the fact is, I am very anxious myself about one thing, and that is as to whether there is any water on this island; if there is not, we shall have to quit it sooner or later, for although we may get water by digging in the sand, it would be too brackish to use for any time, and would make us all ill. We have not much on shore now; and if the bad weather comes on, we may not be able to get any more from the wreck. Now, very often, there will be water if you dig for it, although it does not show above ground; and therefore I brought the spade."

"You think of everything, Ready. And where are we going now?"

"Right to the leeward side of the island; and I hope we shall be there before it is dark."

"Why do you call it the leeward side of the island?"

"Because among these islands the winds almost always blow one way: we landed on the windward side; the



*Ready advanced cautiously*

wind is at our back; now put up your finger, and you will feel it even among the trees."

"No, I cannot," replied William, as he held up his finger.

"Then wet your finger, and try again."

William wet his finger in his mouth, and held it up again: "Yes, I do feel it now," said he; "but why is that?"

"Because the wind blows against the wet, and you feel the cold."

As Ready said this, the dogs growled, then started forward, and barked.

"What can be there?" cried William.

"Stand still, Master William," replied Ready, cocking his gun, "and I will go forward to see." Ready advanced cautiously with the gun to his hip. The dogs barked more furiously; and at last, out of a heap of coconut leaves collected together, out burst all the pigs which had been brought on shore, grunting and galloping away as fast as they could, with the dogs in pursuit of them.

"It's only the pigs, Master William," said Ready, smiling; "I never thought I should be half frightened by a tame pig. Here, Romulus! here, Remus! come back!" continued Ready, calling to the dogs. "Well, Master William, this is our first adventure."

"I hope we shall not meet with any more dangerous," replied William, laughing; "but I must say that I was alarmed."

"No wonder; for, although not likely, it is possible there may be wild animals on this island, or even savages. We must always be prepared for the worst in an unknown country; but being alarmed is one thing, Master William, and

being afraid is another. A man may be alarmed, and stand his ground, as you did; but a man that is afraid will run away."

Ready and William continued their way through the coconut grove for more than an hour longer, marking the trees as they went along. They then sat down to take their breakfast, and the two dogs lay down by them.

"Don't give the dogs any water, Master William, nor any of the salt meat; give them biscuit only."

"But they are very thirsty; may not I give them a little?"

"No; we shall want it all ourselves, in the first place; and, in the next, I wish them to be thirsty."

After half an hour's walking they found that the ground was not so level as it had been. Sometimes they went gradually up hill, at others down.

"I am very glad to find the island is not so flat here, Master William; we have a better chance of finding water."

"But, look, it is much steeper before us," replied William, as he barked a tree; "it is quite a hill."

"So much the better; let us push on."

The ground now became more undulating, although still covered with coconut trees, even thicker together than before. They continued their march, occasionally looking at the compass, until William showed symptoms of weariness, for the wood had become more difficult to get through than at first.

"How many miles do you think we have walked, Ready?" asked William.

"About eight, I should think."

"Not more than eight?"

"No; I do not think that, altogether, we have made more than two miles an hour; it 's slow work traveling by compass, and marking the trees; but I think the wood looks lighter before us, now that we are at the top of this hill."

They now descended into a small hollow, and then went up hill again. As soon as they arrived at the top, William cried out, "The sea, Ready! There 's the sea!"

Perhaps a more lovely scene could scarcely be imagined. The form of the coast was that of a horseshoe bay, two points of land covered with shrubs extending far out on each side. The line of the horizon, far out at sea, was clear and unbroken.

*Knăp'săcks*, canvas or leather bags carried strapped to the back by soldiers or travelers; *Tŏm Thŭmb*, the very small hero of a famous nursery tale; *brăck'ĭsh*, salty; *lee'ward* (lē'wĕrd), the sheltered side; *ŭn'du lāt'ĭng*, hilly, rolling.

STUDY HELPS

Tell of the preparations for crossing the island.

When asked how he would find the way back, what old story did William say he had been thinking about?

What better way did Ready describe?

Why did William misunderstand at first?

Who are the Americans referred to?

What need did the travelers have of a compass? of a spade?

What instructions are given William about finding the direction of the wind?

Tell of the adventure with the pigs.

What lesson was drawn from this incident?

What difference is there between "being alarmed" and "being afraid"?

What reasons are mentioned for not giving the dogs any water?

Picture the sea as it first appeared from the hill.

Why was William surprised when he learned the distance they had come?

## II. Locating the Spring

[The rest of the day was spent in fruitless search for water.]

They returned to the high ground where the coconut grove ended, and collecting several branches and piles of leaves, made a good soft bed under the trees.

"And now we'll have a little water, and go to bed. Look, Master William, at the long shadow of the trees! The sun has nearly set."

"Shall I give the dogs some water, Ready? See, poor Remus is licking the sides of the bottles."

"No, do not give them any; it appears to be cruel, but I want the intelligence of the poor animals to-morrow, and the want of water will make them very keen, and we shall turn it to good account."

William slept as sound as if he had been on shore upon a soft bed in a warm room. So did old Ready; and when they awoke the next morning it was broad daylight. The poor dogs were suffering for want of water, and it pained William very much to see them with their tongues out, panting and whining as they looked up to him. "Now, Master William," said Ready, "shall we take our breakfast before we start, or have a walk first?"

"Ready, I cannot really drink a drop of water myself, and I am thirsty, unless you give a little to these poor dogs."

"I pity the poor dumb creatures as much as you do, Master William. Depend upon it, it's not out of unkindness; on the contrary, it is kindness to ourselves and to them too, which makes me refuse it to them; however, if you like, we will take a walk first, and see if we can find any water. Let us first go to the little dell on the right, and if

we do not succeed, we will try farther on where the water has run down during the rainy season." William was very glad to go, and away they went, followed by the dogs, Ready having taken up the spade, which he carried on his shoulder. They soon came to the dell, and the dogs put their noses to the ground, and snuffed about. Ready watched them; at last they lay down, panting.

"Let us go on, sir," said Ready thoughtfully. They went on to where the run of water appeared to have been. The dogs snuffed about more eagerly than before.

"You see, Master William, these poor dogs are now so eager for water, that if there is any, they will find it out where we never could. I don't expect water above ground, but there may be some below it. This beach is hardly far enough from the water's edge, or I should try in the sand for it."

"In the sand!—but would it not be salt?" replied William.

"No, not if at a good distance from the sea-beach, for you see, William, the sand by degrees filters the sea-water fresh, and very often when the sand runs in a long way from the high-water mark, if you dig down, you will find good fresh water. At other times it is a little brackish, but still fit for use. I wish that this fact was better known among seamen than it is; it would have saved many a poor fellow from a great deal of agony. There 's nothing so dreadful as being without water, Master William. I know what it is to be on an allowance of half a pint a day, and I assure you it is cruel work."

"Look, Ready, at Romulus and Remus—how hard they are digging with their paws there in the hollow."

"Thanks to Heaven that they are, Master William; you don't know how happy you have made me feel; for, to tell you the truth, I was beginning to be alarmed."

"But why do they dig?"

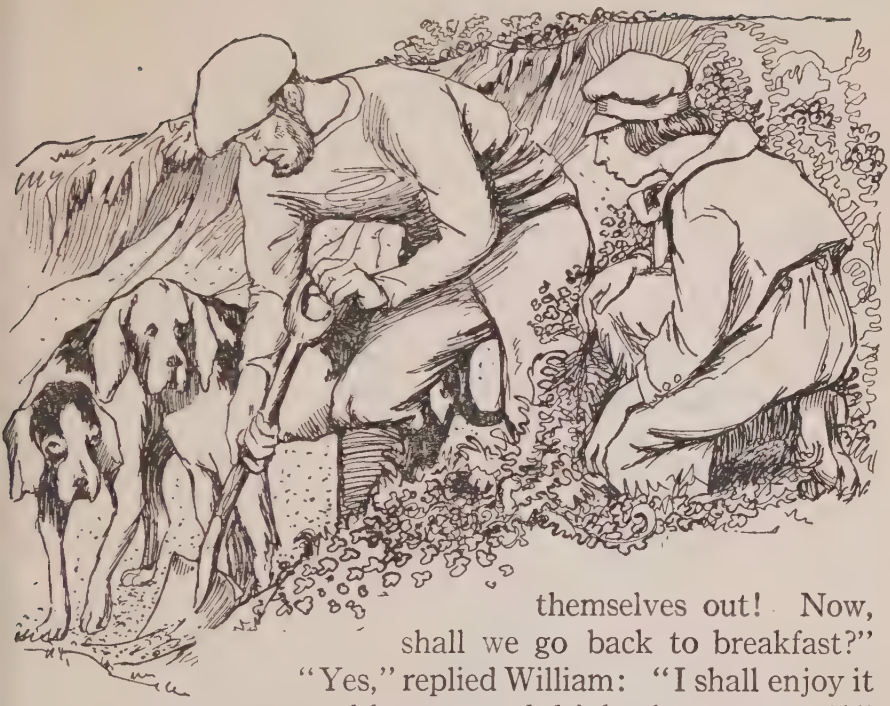
"Because there is water there, poor animals. Now you see the advantage of having kept them in pain for a few hours; it is in all probability the saving of all of us, for we must either have found water or quitted this island. Now let us help the poor dogs with the spade, and they shall soon be rewarded for their sufferings."

Ready walked quickly down to where the dogs continued digging. They had already got down to the moist earth, and were so eagerly at work, that it was with difficulty he could get them out of his way to use his spade. He had not dug two feet before the water trickled down, and in four or five minutes the dogs had sufficient to plunge their noses in, and to drink copiously.

"Look at them, sir, how they enjoy it,—so did the Israelites fainting in the desert, when Moses struck the rock, and the water poured out in torrents for their relief. Do you recollect that part of the Scriptures, Master William?"

"To be sure I do. I have a picture of it at home."

"Well, I don't think any Israelite among them felt more grateful than I do now, William. This was the one thing wanting, but it was the one thing indispensable. Now we have everything we can wish for on this island, and if we are only content, we may be happy,—ay, much happier than are those who are worrying themselves to heap up riches, not knowing who shall gather them. See, the poor animals have had enough at last; and how they have swelled



themselves out! Now, shall we go back to breakfast?"

"Yes," replied William: "I shall enjoy it now, and have a good drink of water myself."

"This is a plenteous spring, depend upon it, sir," said Ready, as they walked back to where they had slept and left their knapsacks; "but we must clear it out farther up among the trees, where the sun cannot reach it, and then it will be cool, and not be dried up. We shall have plenty of work for the next year at least, if we remain here. Where we are now will be a capital spot to build our house."

*Passages from "Masterman Ready."*

*Co'pi ous ly* (kō'pĭ us lĭ), plentifully; *Mōs'ĕs*, for the story see *Exodus* xvii; *ĭn dĭs pĕn'sa ble*, not to be done without.

STUDY HELPS

What explanation does Ready now give for wishing the dogs to be very thirsty?

What condition were the dogs in next morning? How did William feel toward them?

When sea-water runs some distance through sand why does it become fresh?

Tell the story of the morning walk and of the finding of water in the hollow.

With what Bible story does Masterman Ready compare this experience?

## DARTSIDE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
  I cannot tell what you say:
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
  And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
  I cannot tell what you say:
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
  And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
  I cannot tell what you say:
But I know that in you, too, a spirit doth live,
  And a word doth speak this day.

"Oh, green is the color of faith and truth,
And rose the color of love and youth,
  And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,

And her bridal day shall come ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and streams
And the whispering woodlands say."

*Spĭr'ĭt*, an inner meaning or soul.

STUDY HELPS

What does the poet say to the green leaves? to the rosy rocks? to the brown streams?

What does he say he *knows* in each case?

The last stanza is the reply of the spirit or word to the poet: what does it say the green stands for? the rose color? the brown?

What qualities are said to belong to the "sweet earth"?

What promise does the word make to the poet in the closing lines?

Does this poem suggest that the earth is a good place even if you cannot understand it all?

(Dartside is the beautiful valley through which the Dart River flows, in southwestern England.)

## OVER THE HILL

GEORGE MACDONALD

"Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child—from the window sill
Over I cannot see."

"Child, there 's a valley over there,
Pretty and wooded and shy;
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I 'll drown you by and by.' "

"And what comes next?" "A little town,
And a towering hill again:

More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "Oh, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men,
Over and over repeat the tale,
And round to your home again."

*Mo͞or*, a bleak, barren highland; *bēat'en wāy*, road worn by many travelers.

STUDY HELPS

What question is asked of the traveler? Who asks it, and why? Read the answer.
What questions follow, and what answer in each case?
Does the last answer complete all that could be said?

(In thinking about what the poem means, it may be that the traveler is one who knows life, and the child is one who does not. The answers may show that there are joys and dangers and loneliness and gloom and sorrows in life. The words "over and over repeat the tale" may mean that these experiences are repeated again and again. Can you tell which scenes may represent the joys of life? which the dangers? and so on? Such a selection is called an allegory, that is, a description of one thing in terms of another. Here "life" is pictured as a "journey.")

# THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

SIR WALTER SCOTT

## I. The King of Kippen

James the Fifth had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusement which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character.

When James traveled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighboring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently that if James were king in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was king in Kippen, being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an

ax on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

*A vowed'*, declared openly; *Băl'len giech* (gēk), this name means "windy pass"; *Stir'ling* (stûr'lĭng), a city on the Forth River in Scotland, where there was a royal castle; *Ärn'pry'or* (ärn'prī'ẽr); *Bu chan'ans* (Bu kăn'ans), members of a Scottish clan; *ĕx pŏs'tu lā'tions*, protests; *kēep'ẽrs*, officers who have control of the grounds and game of an estate; *ĭn'so lent ly*, in an impudent manner; *ward'er* (wôr'dẽr), guardian, sentinel; *in ter cept'ed* (ĭn tẽr sĕpt'ed), seized on the way.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn of James from the first paragraph?
What name did the king use on the occasions described?
Who knew of this name?
Tell the story of the venison.
What did Buchanan say to the protest of the keepers?
Give an account of the king's visit to Arnpryor.
Do you suppose the king enjoyed his visit? Why?

## II. John Howieson

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so that the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle and, seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the king asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer. He then asked the king in turn who *he* was, and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful

*Gallantly took the king's part with his flail*

assistance and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John replied that nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from all the nobles who will be all about him?"

"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered—the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king.

"I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor.

"Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him

a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson or his successors should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands when his majesty should come to Holyrood Palace or should pass the bridge of Cramond.

*Cra'mond* (Krā'mund), a village a few miles from Edinburgh, Scotland; *flāil,* an instrument for beating out the grain of wheat; *How'ie son* (hou'ĭ sun); *bŏnds'man,* one bound to work for another without pay; *Brāe'hĕad; pōs'tērn,* a rear or side entrance; *ew'er* (ū'ẽr), a pitcher; *Hō'ly rōōd Pal'ace* (Păl'as), an ancient royal palace of Scotland at Edinburgh.

STUDY HELPS

Give an account of James's adventure with the gypsies.

What did "honest John" think would make him the happiest man in Scotland?

What did James tell him to do?

How was John received at the palace?

How was he told that he could identify the king?

"The king laughed at John's fancy": What was his fancy?

On what condition did John receive the farm? Do you think he deserved it?

## THE SONG OF THE BROOK

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

*Coot and hern* (kōōt ănd hûrn), kinds of waterfowl; *săl'ly*, dart forth; *bĭck'ĕr*, here refers to the tremulous movement of the stream; *thôrps*, clusters of houses; *făl'lōw*, untilled plowed land; *fōre'land*, a small projection of land; *măl'lōw*, a kind of plant which grows in marshy places; *grāy'lĭng*, a kind of fish; *wa'ter* (wô'tĕr) *breāk*, ripple; *nĕt'tĕd*, forming a network as it shines through the branches; *brăm'bly*, full of briers; *shĭng'ly*, of coarse gravel.

STUDY HELPS

Who is meant by "I"?

What two lines are four times repeated in the poem?

These lines divide the stanzas into four groups: how many stanzas in each group?

Where does the brook rise? Through what kind of country does it flow? What becomes of it finally?

Do you suppose there are just thirty hills? or twenty thorps? or half a hundred bridges?

Read two stanzas that tell of the noises made by the brook.

"With many a curve my banks I fret." Explain.

"And drew them all along." Read the stanzas that explain "all."

Read the expressions in the last four stanzas that tell what the brook does. What causes it to "murmur" and "linger" and "loiter"?

In what kind of humor does the brook seem all the way through its song?

## WRITTEN IN MARCH

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF BROTHERS' WATER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Plowboy is whooping—anon—anon:

There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

STUDY HELPS

What sounds and sights are mentioned in the first stanza?
Do all these belong to a picture of the season named?
Explain, "The green field sleeps in the sun."
To what is the melting snow compared?
Why would the snow on the hill top "fare ill"?
What sounds and sights are added by the second stanza to those already mentioned?

## HOW THOR WENT TO JOTUNHEIM

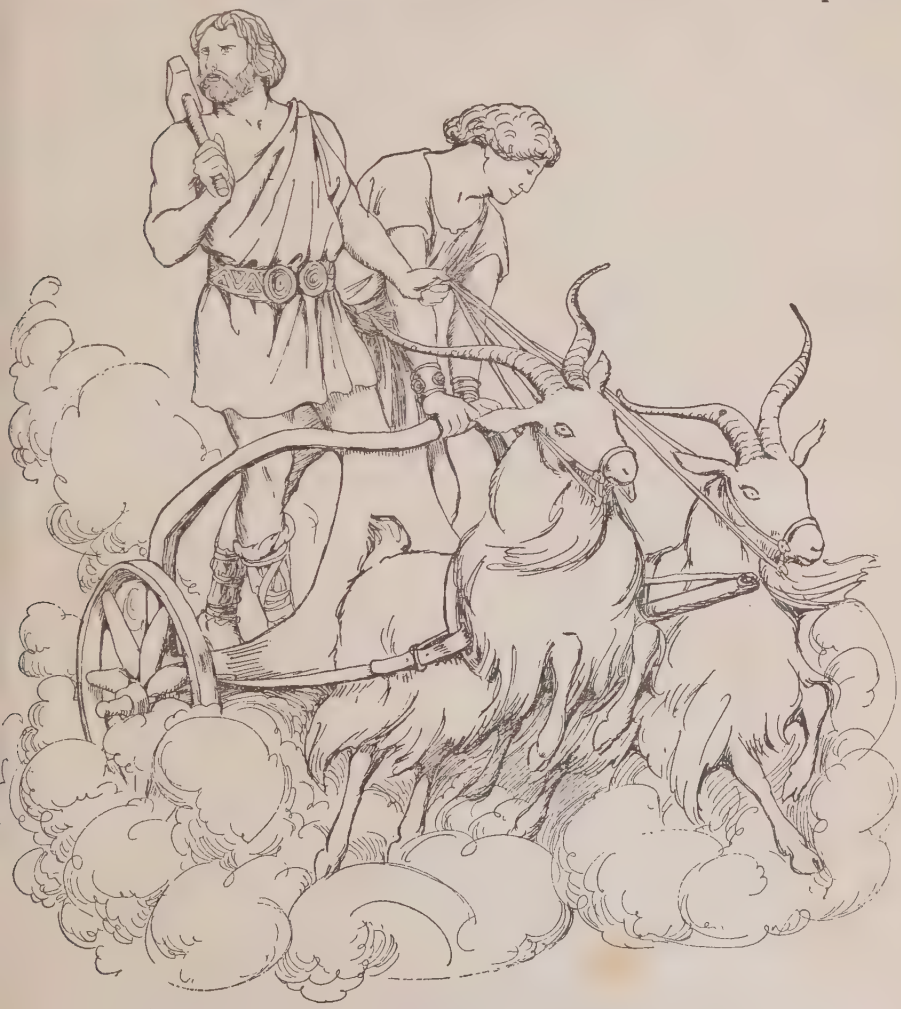
ANNIE AND ELIZA KEARY

### I. THOR AND HIS GOATS

Once on a time, Asa Thor and Loki set out on a journey from Asgard to Jotunheim. They traveled in Thor's chariot, drawn by two milk-white goats. It was a somewhat cumbrous iron chariot, and the wheels made a rumbling noise as it moved, which sometimes startled the ladies of Asgard, and made them tremble; but Thor liked it, thought the noise sweeter than any music, and was never so happy as when he was journeying in it from one place to another.

They traveled all day, and in the evening they came to a countryman's house. It was a poor, lonely place; but Thor descended from his chariot, and determined to spend the night there. The countryman, however, had no food

in the house to give these travelers; and Thor, who liked to feast himself and make every one feast with him, was obliged to kill his own two goats and serve them up for



*They traveled in Thor's chariot, drawn by two milk-white goats*

supper. He invited the countryman and his wife and children to sup with him; but before they began to eat he made one request of them.

"Do not, on any account," he said, "break or throw away any of the bones of the goats you are going to eat for supper."

"I wonder why," said the peasant's son, Thialfi, to his sister Roska. Roska could not think of any reason, and by and by Thialfi happened to have a very nice little bone given him with some marrow in it. "Certainly there can be no harm in my breaking just this one," he said to himself; "it would be such a pity to lose the marrow"; and as Asa Thor's head was turned another way, he slyly broke the bone in two, sucked the marrow, and then threw the pieces into the goats' skins, where Thor had desired that all the bones might be placed. I do not know whether Thialfi was uneasy during the night about what he had done; but in the morning he found out the reason of Asa Thor's command, and received a lesson on "wondering why," which he never forgot all his life after.

As soon as Asa Thor rose in the morning he took his hammer, Miolnir, in his hand, and held it over the goat-skins as they lay on the floor, whispering runes the while. They were dead skins with dry bones in them when he began to speak; but as he said the last word, Thialfi, who was looking curiously on, saw two live goats spring up and walk toward the chariot, as fresh and well as when they brought the chariot up to the door, Thialfi hoped. But no; one of the goats limped a little with his hind leg, and Asa Thor saw it. His brow grew dark as he looked, and for a

minute Thialfi thought he would run far, far into the forest, and never come back again; but one look more at Asa Thor's face, angry as it was, made him change his mind. He thought of a better thing to do than running away. He came forward, threw himself at the Asa's feet, and, confessing what he had done, begged pardon for his disobedience. Thor listened, and the displeased look passed away from his face.

"You have done wrong, Thialfi," he said, raising him up; "but as you have confessed your fault so bravely, instead of punishing you, I will take you with me on my journey, and teach you myself the lesson of obedience to the Æsir which is, I see, wanted."

Roska chose to go with her brother, and from that day Thor had two faithful servants, who followed him wherever he went.

*A'sa* (ä'sä) (sing. of *Æsir*), god or lord; *Thor* (thôr), the god of thunder (Thursday is named after him); *Lo'ki* (lō'ke), a god of the northland; *Ās'gärd*, the dwelling place of the gods; *Jo'tun heim* (yō'tōōn hām), the dwelling place of the giants; *cum'brous* (kŭm'brus), unwieldy, hard to manage; *Thi al'fi* (tē älf'e), one of Thor's attendants; *Rŏs'ka*, Thialfi's sister, the name meaning "lively," "active"; *Miol'nir* (myŭl'nēr), the name of Thor's hammer; *Æ'sir* (ē'sĭr) (plural of *Asa*), the chief gods of the northland.

STUDY HELPS

How did Thor and his companion travel?
Where did they stop for the night?
How did Thor provide the feast?
What instructions did he give to those at the table?
Why did Thialfi not obey?
Give an account of what happened the next morning.
What reason did Thor give for allowing Thialfi and Roska to go along with him?
What was the lesson on "wondering why"?

## II. Thor and the Giant

The chariot and goats were now left behind: but, with Loki and his two followers, Thor journeyed on to the end of Manheim, over the sea, and then on, on, on in the strange, barren, misty land of Jotunheim. Sometimes they crossed great mountains; sometimes they had to make their way among torn and jagged rocks, which often, through the mist, appeared to them to wear the forms of men, and once for a whole day they traversed a thick and tangled forest. In the evening of that day, being very much tired, they saw with pleasure that they had come upon a spacious hall, of which the door, as broad as the house itself, stood wide open.

"Here we may very comfortably lodge for the night," said Thor; and they went in and looked about them.

The house appeared to be perfectly empty; there was a wide hall, and five smaller rooms opening into it. They were, however, too tired to examine it carefully, and as no inhabitants made their appearance, they ate their supper in the hall, and lay down to sleep. But they had not rested long before they were disturbed by strange noises, groanings, mutterings, and snortings, louder than any animal that they had ever seen in their lives could make. By and by the house began to shake from side to side, and it seemed as if the very earth trembled. Thor sprang up in haste, and ran to the open door; but, though he looked earnestly into the starlit forest, there was no enemy to be seen anywhere. Loki and Thialfi, after groping about for a time, found a sheltered chamber to the right, where they thought they could finish their night's rest in safety; but Thor,

with Miolnir in his hand, watched at the door of the house all night. As soon as the day dawned he went out into the forest, and there, stretched on the ground close by the house, he saw a strange, uncouth, gigantic shape of a man, out of whose nostrils came a breath which swayed the trees to their very tops. There was no need to wonder any longer what the disturbing noises had been. Thor fearlessly walked up to this strange monster to have a better look at him; but at the sound of his footsteps the giant shape rose slowly, stood up an immense height, and looked down upon Thor with two great misty eyes, like blue mountain lakes.

"Who are you?" said Thor, standing on tiptoe, and stretching his neck to look up; "and why do you make such a noise as to prevent your neighbors from sleeping?"

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant sternly; "I need not ask yours. You are the little Asa Thor of Asgard; but pray, now, what have you done with my glove?"

As he spoke he stooped down, and picked up the hall where Thor and his companions had passed the night, and which, in truth, was nothing more than his glove, the room where Loki and Thialfi had slept being the thumb.

Thor rubbed his eyes, and felt as if he must be dreaming. Rousing himself, however, he raised Miolnir in his hand, and, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the giant's face, which seemed to be always changing, he said, "It is time that you should know, Skrymir, that I am come to Jotunheim to fight and conquer such evil giants as you are, and, little as you think me, I am ready to try my strength against yours."

"Try it, then," said the giant.

And Thor, without another word, threw Miolnir at his head.

"Ah! Ah!" said the giant; "did a leaf touch me?"

Again Thor seized Miolnir, which always returned to his hand, however far he cast it from him, and threw it with all his force.

The giant put his hand to his forehead. "I think," he said, "that an acorn must have fallen on my head."

A third time Thor struck a blow, the heaviest that ever fell from the hand of an Asa; but this time the giant laughed out loud.

"There is surely a bird on that tree," he said, "who has let a feather fall on my face."

Then, without taking further notice of Thor, he swung an immense wallet over his shoulder, and, turning his back upon him, struck into a path that led from the forest. When he had gone a little way he looked round, his immense face appearing less like a human countenance than some strange, uncouthly shaped stone toppling on a mountain precipice.

"Ving-Thor," he said, "let me give you a piece of good advice before I go. When you get to Utgard don't make much of yourself. You think me a tall man, but you have taller still to see; and you yourself are a very little manikin. Turn back home whence you came, and be satisfied to have learned something of yourself by your journey to Jotunheim."

"Manikin or not, *that* will I never do," shouted Asa Thor after the giant. "We will meet again, and something more will we learn, or teach each other."

*Man'heim* (män'hām), where men dwell; *ŭn couth'* (kōōth'), awkward, clumsy; *mŏn stēr*, a person unnaturally large and ugly; *Skry'mir*

(skrü'mẽr), the name of a giant; *wal'let* (wŏl'ĕt), a bag or sack for carrying articles; *Vĭng-*, winged; *Ut'gard* (o͝ot'gärd), the chief city of Jotunheim; *măn'ĭ kĭn*, a dwarf.

STUDY HELPS

Describe the country passed through.
Describe the house at which they decided to lodge for the night.
How was their sleep disturbed?
What did they discover in the morning about the noises and about the house?
What did Thor say to the giant?
Give an account of Thor's trial of strength with the giant.
What advice did the giant give Thor?
What was the "something" the giant had in mind?
What did Thor say in reply?

## III. SOME STRANGE CONTESTS

The giant, however, did not turn back to answer, and Thor and his companions, after looking for some time after him, resumed their journey. Before the sun was quite high in the heavens they came out of the forest, and at noon they found themselves on a vast barren plain, where stood a great city, whose walls of dark, rough stone were so high that Thor had to bend his head quite far back to see the top of them. When they approached the entrance of this city they found that the gates were closed and barred; but the space between the bars was so large that Thor passed through easily, and his companions followed him. The streets of the city were gloomy and still. They walked on for some time without meeting any one; but at length they came to a very high building, of which the gates stood open.

"Let us go in and see what is going on here," said Thor; and they went.

After crossing the threshold they found themselves

in an immense banqueting hall. A table stretched from one end to the other of it; stone thrones stood round the table, and on every throne sat a giant, each one, as Thor glanced round, appearing more grim, and cold, and stony than the rest. One among them sat on a raised seat, and appeared to be the chief; so to him Thor approached and paid his greetings.

The giant chief just glanced at him, and, without rising, said, in a somewhat careless manner, "It is, I think, a foolish custom to tease tired travelers with questions about their journey. I know without asking that you, little fellow, are Asa Thor. Perhaps, however, you may be in reality taller than you appear; and as it is a rule here that no one shall sit down to table till he has performed some wonderful feat, let us hear what you and your followers are famed for, and in what way you choose to prove yourselves worthy to sit down in the company of giants."

At this speech, Loki, who had entered the hall cautiously behind Thor, pushed himself forward.

"The feat for which I am most famed," he said, "is eating, and it is one which I am just now inclined to perform with right good will. Put food before me, and let me see if any of your followers can dispatch it as quickly as I can."

"The feat you speak of is one by no means to be despised," said the king, "and there is one here who would be glad to try his powers against yours. Let Logi," he said to one of his followers, "be summoned to the hall."

At this, a tall, thin, yellow-faced man approached, and a large trough of meat having been placed in the middle of the hall, Loki sat to work at one end, and Logi at the other, and they began to eat. I hope *I* shall never see any one eat as they ate; but the giants all turned their slow-moving eyes to watch them, and in a few minutes they met in the middle of the trough. It seemed, at first, as if they had both eaten exactly the same quantity; but, when the thing came to be examined into, it was found that Loki had, indeed, eaten up all the meat, but that Logi had also eaten the bones and the trough. Then the giants nodded their huge heads, and determined that Loki was conquered. The king turned to Thialfi, and asked what he could do.

"I was thought swift of foot among the youth of my own country," answered Thialfi; "and I will, if you please, try to run a race with any one here."

"You have chosen a noble sport, indeed," said the king; "but you must be a good runner if you can beat him with whom I shall match you."

Then he called a slender lad, Hugi by name, and the

whole company left the hall, and, going out by an opposite gate to that by which Thor had entered, they came out to an open space, which made a noble race-ground. There the goal was fixed, and Thialfi and Hugi started off together.

Thialfi ran fast—fast as the reindeer which hears the wolves howling behind; but Hugi ran so much faster that, passing the goal, he turned round, and met Thialfi halfway in the course.

"Try again, Thialfi," cried the king; and Thialfi, once more taking his place, flew along the course with feet scarcely touching the ground—swiftly as an eagle when, from his mountain crag, he swoops on his prey in the valley; but with all his running he was still a good bowshot from the goal when Hugi reached it.

"You are certainly a good runner," said the king; "but if you mean to win you must do a little better than this; but perhaps you wish to surprise us all the more this third time."

The third time, however, Thialfi was wearied, and though he did his best, Hugi, having reached the goal, turned and met him not far from the starting point.

The giants again looked at each other, and declared that there was no need of further trial, for that Thialfi was conquered.

It was now Asa Thor's turn, and all the company looked eagerly at him, while the Utgard king asked by what wonderful feat he chose to distinguish himself.

"I will try a drinking match with any of you," Thor said, shortly; for, to tell the truth, he cared not to perform

anything very worthy in the company in which he found himself.

King Utgard appeared pleased with this choice, and when the giants had resumed their seats in the hall, he ordered one of his servants to bring in his drinking cup, called the "cup of penance," which it was his custom to make his guests drain at a draft, if they had broken any of the ancient rules of the society.

"There!" he said, handing it to Thor, "we call it well drunk if a person empties it at a single draft. Some, indeed, take two to it; but the very puniest can manage it in three."

Thor looked into the cup; it appeared to him long, but not so very large after all, and being thirsty he put it to his lips, and thought to make short work of it, and empty it at one good, hearty pull. He drank, and put the cup down again; but, instead of being empty, it was now just so full that it could be moved without danger of spilling.

"Ha! ha! You are keeping all your strength for the second pull, I see," said Utgard, looking in. Without answering, Thor lifted the cup again, and drank with all his might till his breath failed; but, when he put down the cup, the liquor had only sunk down a little from the brim.

"If you mean to take three drafts to it," said Utgard, "you are really leaving yourself a very unfair share for the last time. Look to yourself, Ving-Thor; for, if you do not acquit yourself better in other feats, we shall not think so much of you here as they say the Æsir do in Asgard."

At this speech Thor felt angry, and, seizing the cup again, he drank a third time, deeper and longer than he had

yet done; but, when he looked into the cup, he saw that a very small part only of its contents had disappeared. Wearied and disappointed, he put the cup down, and said he would try no more to empty it.

"It is pretty plain," said the king, looking round on the company, "that Asa Thor is by no means the kind of man we always supposed him to be."

"Nay," said Thor, "I am willing to try another feat, and you yourselves shall choose what it shall be."

"Well," said the king, "there is a game at which our children are used to play. A short time ago I dare not have named it to Asa Thor; but now I am curious to see how he will acquit himself in it. It is merely to lift my cat from the ground — a childish amusement truly."

As he spoke a large, gray cat sprang into the hall, and Thor, stooping forward, put his hand under it to lift it up. He tried gently at first; but by degrees he put forth all his strength, tugging and straining as he had never done before; but the utmost he could do was to raise one of the cat's paws a little way from the ground.

"It is just as I thought," said King Utgard, looking round with a smile; "but we all are willing to allow that the cat *is* large, and Thor but a little fellow."

"Little as you think me," cried Thor, "who is there who will dare to wrestle with me in my anger?"

"In truth," said the king, "I don't think there is any one here who would choose to wrestle with you; but, if wrestle you must, I will call in that old crone Elli. She has, in her time, laid low many a better man than Asa Thor has shown himself to be."

*Thor put his hand under it to lift it up*

The crone came. She was old, withered, and toothless, and Thor shrank from the thought of wrestling with her; but he had no choice. She threw her arms round him, and drew him toward the ground, and the harder he tried to free himself, the tighter her grasp. They struggled

long. Thor strove bravely, but a strange feeling of weakness and weariness came over him, and at length he tottered and fell down on one knee before her. At this sight all the giants laughed aloud, and Utgard, coming up, desired the old woman to leave the hall, and proclaimed that the trials were over. No one of his followers would *now* contend with Asa Thor, he said, and night was approaching. He then invited Thor and his companions to sit down at the table, and spend the night with him as his guests. Thor, though feeling somewhat perplexed and mortified, accepted his invitation courteously, and showed, by his agreeable behavior during the evening, that he knew how to bear being conquered with a good grace.

*Lo'gi* (lō'ge), flame; *Hu'gi* (hū'ge), thought, spirit; *bōw'shŏt*, the distance traveled by an arrow shot from a bow; *drăft*, a long drink; *ac quit'* (a kwĭt'), to perform one's part; *El'li* (ĕl'e), an old crone, who stands for old age; *crone* (krōn), a very withered old woman.

STUDY HELPS

What do you learn of the city they now approached?
How did they get into the city?
Give an account of the banqueting hall.
What did the giant chief propose to Thor?
What was the reason given for these tests?
What feat did Loki propose? Tell the result.
Describe the contest in which Thialfi was beaten.
What comparisons are used to indicate the swiftness of Thialfi?
Tell of Thor's efforts to empty the drinking horn.
What second effort did he make and how well did he succeed?
In what third contest was he defeated?
How did Thor feel about these results? Was he a good loser?

## IV. THE GIANT EXPLAINS

In the morning, when Thor and his companions were leaving the city, the king himself accompanied them without

the gates; and Thor, looking steadily at him when he turned to bid them farewell, perceived, for the first time, that he was the very same Giant Skrymir whom he had met in the forest.

"Come, now, Asa Thor," said the giant with a strange sort of smile on his face, "tell me truly, before you go, how you think your journey has turned out, and whether or not I was right in saying that you would meet with better men than yourself in Jotunheim."

"I confess freely," answered Asa Thor, looking up without any false shame on his face, "that I have acquitted myself but humbly, and it grieves me; for I know that in Jotunheim henceforward it will be said that I am a man of little worth."

"By my troth, no!" cried the giant, heartily. "Never should you have come into my city if I had known what a mighty man of valor you really are; and now that you are safely out of it, I will, for once, tell the truth to you, Thor. All this time I have been deceiving you by my enchantments. When you met me in the forest, and hurled Miolnir at my head, I should have been crushed by the weight of your blows had I not skillfully placed a mountain between myself and you, on which the strokes of your hammer fell, and where you cleft three ravines, which shall henceforth become verdant valleys. In the same manner I deceived you about the contests in which you engaged last night. When Loki and Logi sat down before the trough, Loki, indeed, ate like hunger itself; but Logi is fire, who, with eager, consuming tongue, licked up both bones and trough. Thialfi is the swiftest of mortal runners; but the slender lad, Hugi, was

my thought; and what speed can ever equal his? So it was in your own trials. When you took such deep drafts from the horn, you little knew what a wonderful feat you were performing. The other end of that horn reached the ocean, and when you come to the shore you will see how far its waters have fallen away, and how much the deep sea itself has been diminished by your draft. Hereafter, men watching the going out of the tide will call it the ebb, or draft of Thor. Scarcely less wonderful was the prowess you displayed in the second trial. What appeared to you to be a cat, was, in reality, the Midgard serpent, which encircles the world. When we saw you succeed in moving it we trembled lest the very foundations of earth and sea should be shaken by your strength. Nor need you be ashamed of having been overthrown by the old woman, Elli, for she is old age; and there never has, and never will be, one whom she has not the power to lay low. We must now part, and you had better not come here again, or attempt anything further against my city; for I shall always defend it by fresh enchantments, and you will never be able to do anything against me."

At these words Thor raised Miolnir, and was about to challenge the giant to a fresh trial of strength; but, before he could speak, Utgard vanished from his sight; and, turning round to look for the city, he found that it, too, had disappeared, and that he was standing alone on a smooth, green, empty plain.

"What a fool I have been," said Asa Thor, aloud, "to allow myself to be deceived by a mountain giant!"

"Ah," answered a voice from above, "I told you, you

would learn to know yourself better by your journey to Jotunheim. It is the great use of traveling."

Thor turned quickly round again, thinking to see Skrymir behind him; but, after looking on every side, he could perceive nothing but that a high, cloud-capped mountain, which he had noticed on the horizon, appeared to have advanced to the edge of the plain.

*Trôth*, truth, faith; *ĕn chânt'ments*, strange effects produced by magic or witchcraft; *ver'dant* (vûr'dant), green; *môr'tal*, a human being; *Mĭd'gärd*, a sea monster (*Midgard* means the middle space, or earth).

STUDY HELPS

What did the giant ask Thor to tell him before leaving?
In what spirit did Thor answer?
What shows that the giant was pleased with the answer?
Explain the secrets of each of the contests.
Why did Thor call himself a fool?
What was the giant's answer?
Explain what he meant by saying, "It is the great use of traveling."
What occurred to show Thor that the city was the result of enchantment?

## V. THOR GOES AFTER MILE-DEEP

Thor turned away from Giant-land, and on the road homeward he passed through the Sea-king's dominions. There he found that Ægir the Old was giving a banquet to all the Æsir in his wide coral caves. At a little distance Thor stood still to listen and to look. It was a fair sight: cave within cave stretched out before him decked with choicest shells, whilst far inward lay the banqueting hall, lighted with shining gold; white and red coral pillars stood at uneven distances; the bright-browed Æsir reclined at the board

on soft water couches; Ægir's daughters—the fair-haired waves—murmured sweet music as they waited on their guests; and little baby ripples ran about laughing in all the corners. Thor walked through the caves and entered the hall. As he did so, Odin looked up from his place at Ægir's right hand, and said,—

"Good evening, son Thor; how has it fared with you in Jotunheim?"

Thor's face grew a little cloudy at this question, and he only answered,—

"Not as it ought to have done, father." Then he placed himself amongst Ægir's guests.

"In my dominions," said King Ægir, looking all round, "an extraordinary thing has happened."

"And what may that be, brother?" asked Niord.

"From the shores of Jotunheim," answered Ægir, "the sea has run back a quarter of a mile, drawing itself away as if a giant were drinking it in."

"Is that all you have got to say, father?" said a tall Wave, as she swept her hair over the Sea-king's shoulder, and peeped up from behind him; "is that all you know of the wonders which are going on in your deep home? Listen."

Then Ægir bent forward on his seat; the Æsir all ceased speaking, and drew in their breath; the waves raised their arched necks, and were still, listening. From a great way off came the sound of a sullen swell.

"Who is that speaking?" asked Odin.

"That is Jormungand speaking," said Thor.

"And what does he say, Thor?"

"He says that I could not conquer him."

"Pass round the foaming mead," cried Ægir, who saw that it was time to turn the conversation.

But alas! Ægir's mead kettle was so small, that before it had gone halfway down the table it stood empty before Tyr.

"There is a giant called Hymir," remarked Tyr, "who lives far over the stormy waves to eastward at the end of heaven."

The Æsir all looked up.

"He has a kettle," Tyr went on to say, "which is a mile deep, and which would certainly hold mead enough for all this company."

"If Hymir would lend it to us," said Ægir, "we could finish our supper; but who would go to the end of heaven to borrow a kettle?"

Then Thor rose from the table, and began to tighten round him his belt of power; he put on his iron gloves, and took Miolnir in his hand.

"What! off again to Giant-land, Ving-Thor?" cried Ægir.

"Didn't you say you wanted Mile-deep?" said Thor. "I am going to borrow it of Hymir for you. Will you come with me, Tyr?"

Tyr sprang up joyfully, and the two brothers started on their journey. When they arrived at Hymir's dwelling, which was a roughly hewn cavern on the shore of a frozen sea, the first person they met was a wonderful giantess with nine hundred heads, in which glittered fiery eyes, and which grew out from all parts of her body, so that it was impossible to tell whether she was walking upon her head or her heels. As Thor and Tyr were looking at her trying to discover this,

a woman came out of the giant's home quite as lovely as the giantess was hideous. She greeted them on the threshold. Her golden hair fell thick upon her shoulders; her mild eyes shone upon them; and with words of welcome she held out her hands and led them into the cavern. There she offered them meat and drink, and bade them rest until her husband, Hymir, should come home. As the darkness came on, however, and the time of his expected return drew near, she became silent and anxious; and at last she said, "I am very much afraid that my husband will be angry if he sees strangers here when he comes in. Take my advice, now, Asa Thor and Asa Tyr, and hide behind one of these pillars in the rock. My lord, I assure you, is surly sometimes, and not nearly so hospitable as I could wish."

"We are not accustomed to hide ourselves," remarked Thor.

"But you shall come forth when I call you," answered the woman.

So the Æsir did as she desired. By and by they heard heavy footsteps far off, over the frozen sea, coming nearer and nearer every moment. The distant icebergs resounded, and at last Hymir burst open the door of his cavern, and stalked angrily in. He had been unsuccessful that day in the chase, his hands were frost-bitten, and a "hard-frozen wood stood upon his cheek."

As soon as the fair-browed woman saw what mood he was in she went gently toward him, placed her hand in his, and told him of the arrival of the guests; then, with a sweet smile and voice, she entreated him to receive the strangers kindly, and entertain them hospitably.

Hymir made no answer; but, at one glance of his eye towards the place where the Æsir were hidden, the pillar burst asunder, and the crossbeam which it supported fell with a crash to the ground. Eight ponderous kettles had been hanging on the beam, and all but one were shivered to atoms.

Thor and Tyr then stepped forth into the middle of the hall, and Hymir received them civilly, after which he turned his attention to supper; and, having cooked three whole oxen, he invited the Æsir to eat with him. Thor fell to work with great relish, and when he had eaten the whole of one ox, prepared to cut a slice out of another.

"You eat a great deal," said Hymir, sulkily, but Thor was still very hungry, and went on with his supper until he had eaten two entire oxen. Then said Hymir, "Another night, Ving-Thor, you must provide your own supper; for I can't undertake to keep so expensive a guest."

*Æ'gir* (ē'jĭr), the giant king of the sea; *O'din* (ō'dĭn), the chief of the gods of the northland; *Niord* (nyôrd), one of the gods of air and water; *swĕll*, a long, rolling movement of the sea; *Jor'mun gand* (yôr'mo͝on gänd), the Midgard or world serpent; *mēad*, a kind of drink; *Tyr* (tür), a god of sky and war (Tuesday is named for him); *Hy'mir* (hü'mer), name of a sea giant.

STUDY HELPS

Give a picture of the scene to which Thor now came.

Why did Thor's face grow cloudy at the question that was asked of him?

Of what strange occurrence does Ægir tell?

How did Thor explain the sound of the "sullen swell"?

What thing was now found lacking to complete the banquet?

What preparations did Thor make to secure it?

Tell the story of what happened at the giant's home.

Why did Hymir object to entertaining them?

## VI. Thor's Victory

Accordingly, early the next morning, Hymir prepared to go out fishing, and offered Thor a place in his boat. On their way to the shore they passed a herd of oxen feeding.

"Have you prepared a bait for me?" said Thor to the giant.

"You must get one for yourself," answered Hymir, surlily.

So Thor was obliged to cut off the head of one of the oxen for a bait.

"You 'll never be able to carry *that* head," said Hymir; for, in truth, the ox to which it belonged was an enormous animal, called "Heaven Breaking."

But Thor made nothing of the head, slung it over his shoulder, and carried it down to the boat. As they got under way, Thor and Hymir each took an oar; but Thor pulled so fast, and with such mighty strokes, that the giant was obliged to stop for breath, and beg that they might go no farther.

"We have already reached the spot," he said, "where I always catch the finest whales."

"But I want to go farther out to sea," said Thor.

"That will be dangerous, Ving-Thor," said Hymir; "for if we row any farther we shall come to the waters under which Jormungand lies."

Thor laughed, and rowed on. At last he stopped, baited his hook with the ox's head, and cast the line out into the sea, whilst Hymir leaned over the other side of the boat and caught two whales.

Now, when the great Jormungand smelled Thor's bait

he opened wide his monstrous jaws, and eagerly sucked in both head, and hook, and line; but no sooner did he feel the pain than he struggled so fiercely, and plunged so wildly, that Thor's hands were in an instant dashed against the sides of the boat. Still Thor did not loose his hold, but went on pulling with such wondrous force that his feet burst through the boat, and rested on the slippery rocks beneath. At last the venomous monster's mountain-high head was hauled above the waves, and then, indeed, it was a dreadful sight to see Thor, in all the power of his god-like strength, casting his fiery looks upon the serpent, and the serpent glaring upon him, and spitting forth poisoned venom. Even Hymir's sunburnt cheek changed color as he beheld beneath his feet the sinking boat, and at his side the deadliest monster of the deep. At last, in the wildness of his fear, he rushed before Thor, and cut his line in sunder. Immediately the serpent's head began to sink; but Thor hurled Miolnir with fearful force after it into the waters.

Then did the rocks burst; it thundered through the caverns; old mother earth all shrank; even the fishes sought the bottom of the ocean; but the serpent sank back, with a long, dull sound, beneath the waves, a deep wound in his head, and smothered vengeance in his heart.

Ill at ease and silent, Hymir then turned to go home, and Thor followed him, carrying boat and oars, and everything else, on his shoulders. Now, every fresh sight of Thor increased the giant's envy and rage; for he could not bear to think that he had shown so little courage before his brave guest, and, besides, losing his boat and getting so desperately wet in his feet by wading home through the

*Still Thor did not loose his hold*

sea did not by any means improve his temper. When they got home, therefore, and were supping together, he began jeering and taunting Thor.

"No doubt, Asa Thor," he said, "you think yourself a good rower and a fine fisher, though you did not catch anything to-day; but can you break that drinking cup before you, do you think?"

Thor seized the cup, and dashed it against an upright stone. But, lo! the stone was shattered in pieces, and the cup unbroken. Again, with greater strength, he hurled the cup against the pillars in the rock; it was still without a crack.

Now, it happened that the beautiful woman was sitting spinning at her wheel just behind where Thor was standing. From time to time she chanted snatches of old runes and sagas in soft tones; and now, when Thor stood astonished that the cup was not broken, the woman's voice fell on his ear, singing low the following words:

"Hard the pillar, hard the stone,
Harder yet the giant's bone,
Stones shall break and pillars fall;
Hymir's forehead breaks them all."

Then Thor once more took the cup, and hurled it against the giant's forehead. The cup was this time shivered to pieces; but Hymir himself was unhurt, and cried out, "Well done at last, Ving-Thor; but can you carry that mile-deep kettle out of my hall, think you?"

Tyr tried to lift it, and could not even raise the handle.

Then Thor grasped it by the rim, and, as he did so, his feet pressed through the floor. With a mighty effort he lifted it; he placed it on his head, while the rings rang at his feet; and so in triumph he bore off the kettle, and set out again for Ægir's hall.

After journeying a little way he chanced to look round, and then he saw that a host of many-headed giants, with Hymir for their leader, were thronging after him. From every cavern, and iceberg, and jagged peak some hideous monster grinned and leered as a great wild beast waiting for its prey.

"Treachery!" cried Thor, as he raised Miolnir above his head, and hurled it three times among the giants.

In an instant they stood stiff, and cold, and dead, in rugged groups along the shore; one with his arm raised; another with his head stretched out; some upright; some crouching; each in the position he had last assumed. And there still they stand, petrified by ages into giant rocks; and, still pointing their stony fingers at each other, they tell the mighty tale of Thor's achievements, and the wondrous story of their fate.

"Pass round the foaming mead!" cried King Ægir, as Thor placed Mile-deep on the table; and this time it happened that there was enough for every one.

*From "The Heroes of Asgard."*

*Ven'o mous* (vĕn'um us), poisonous; *runes* (rōōnz), name of the characters in the alphabet of the people of northern Europe; *sä'gas*, ancient tales or legends of the northland; *pĕt'rĭ fīed*, turned to stone.

STUDY HELPS

Tell the story of the fishing trip.
Why was Hymir so disturbed at what had taken place?
How did he try to restore appearance of superiority? With what result?
What final test did he propose to Thor?
What led Thor to cry, "Treachery"?
What vengeance did he take on the giants?
Why do you think the Æsir were pleased with Thor's achievements?

# UPHILL

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
*Yes, to the very end.*
Will the day's journey take the whole long way?
*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting place?
*A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.*
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
*You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
*Those who have gone before.*
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
*Of labor you shall find the sum.*
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
*Yes, beds for all who come.*

*Inn*, a lodging house or place of shelter; *wāy'fâr'ẽrs*, travelers, especially on foot; *com'fort* (kŭm'fẽrt), cheer, refreshment; *trăv'el-sōre'*, worn and weary from a journey.

STUDY HELPS

Like "Over the Hill," on page 197, this poem is an allegory. It also pictures life as a journey, and is in the form of questions and answers.

What are you told about the road, the length of the journey, and the reception at the end?

Do you think the poet presents a comforting view of life?

## WHITE BUTTERFLIES

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

*Frāil*, weak, easily broken; *hā'ven*, a shelter, a place of safety.

STUDY HELPS

Where are the butterflies going?
What kind of wings have they?
What lines tell how they fly?
What do you think is meant by the expressions "wings for the wind to try", "a laugh of glee".

# SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

The work of the fourth year constitutes one of the most critical and important stages in the reading work of the grades. In the Fourth Reader the pupil is to be brought into contact with many simple presentations of the life of nature and of humanity as found in the imaginative literature of the world. Here for the first time the writer and the writer's way of looking at things becomes of great consequence. The pupil's powers of judgment and reflection must be cultivated. He comes to see that what he thinks and the way he looks at things also are of consequence. He may even go to the extent of not agreeing with the author, provided he can show good grounds for so doing. In other words, the pupil is becoming more and more of an independent being, not wholly relying upon others for his experiences.

This transition to the world of imaginative literature must not, however, be too sudden. The material for the fourth grade must not be subtle in its character. It must not make too great demands upon the pupil. If it does, his lack of power to intrepret it will result in loss of interest, and his study will seem a dead instead of a living thing. Hence, the great amount of time and study given to the choice and arrangement of the material selected for this book. Unusual variety and vitality characterize its contents. The book is rich in fable and folklore; in presentation of the simpler aspects of human character; in examples of honesty, justice, and contentment; in the fanciful interpretations of nature so dear to children.

In primary reading the emphasis of the teaching work rests upon the mastery of the means by which people most commonly express their thoughts. Of course there is a profound sense in which the thing to be said is always the thing to be emphasized. But until children have attained some power over the language itself, that language gets so insistently in the way that it seems the very hill of difficulty itself. By means of various devices explained at length in the Suggestions to Teachers in the First, Second, and Third readers, the problem of how to read may be supposed to have grown less and less difficult. Story and song and legend accompanied by phonic exercises and by enunciation and expression drills have given the pupils the basic elements needed for literary interpretation. Our problem now is to apply all this acquired power in the reading of suitable

material. Let us make all this as concrete as possible by developing a general method for mastering a reading selection, illustrating this method at every step by applying it to the first selection in the book, "The Rivulet."

## General Plan for a Reading Lesson

1. Introductory. Creating the right atmosphere for the lesson.
2. Assignment. Determining just what are the important things that the pupil must consider in his preparation of the lesson.
3. Making sure of the meaning. Finding out by questions and discussion whether the pupil has grasped what the writer has said.
4. Reading for expression. A sympathetic oral rendering as a final test of the pupil's understanding of what he has read.
5. Deepening the impression. (a) By drawing practical conclusions from the selection, in case it is didactic in quality; (b) by memorizing all or choice portions of what is read; and (c) by dramatizing the selection.
6. Phonics. Applying the knowledge already gained of the sounds of letters and the meaning of markings as an aid to determining the correct pronunciation of words.

## Discussion of This Plan and its Application to "The Rivulet"

1. *Introductory.*

Very much of a teacher's success depends upon getting started right. The final object to be kept in view is that of bringing the pupils into the spirit of the selection read. The initial object is to create the right atmosphere for comprehending the full meaning of the selection. These objects can be accomplished only by centering the attention upon the main point. All else must be avoided. The selection should not be made a point of departure for all sorts of miscellaneous information, however interesting and valuable that information may be in itself. Anything that will stimulate the reader's mind to grasp more readily the details of imagery and meaning and to realize the closeness of these to the real life of the universe, is a proper part of the reading lesson. Difficulties in the way of new and unusual words and expressions may be anticipated, and such difficulties may be prepared for by the use of these words and expressions in spelling or language exercises. At this stage of our work, however, the power to make out the meaning of the new words and expressions from the context should be cultivated. That is,

less phonic work is necessary in the preparation, and pupils should meet new words in the natural way as the process of learning to read goes on. Often some fact of nature, or history, or mythology, upon which a piece of literature is based, or which is referred to in some significant way, may be cleared up in advance. It will then not divert the reader's mind from the main channel of the thought. Thus in preparing the way for the study of "The Rivulet" it would be helpful to find out in an informal conversation with the class what experiences they have had with the sort of scenery mentioned in the poem. Some of them may have been among the mountains; some may have interesting information about the flowers mentioned, and all this may be pieced together to build up the imagery. The way in which the small stream comes down from the higher hill or mountain region, how the higher slopes are covered with the pine forests, the noise of the wind among the pines, the distant echo of the waterfall,—all these will no doubt be found to have come within the observation of some of the pupils. A picture of a mountain waterfall with its fine surrounding scenery may be found in some illustrated magazine or in the geography, and would help in forming the proper picture in the minds of the pupils. An account of a picnic or a vacation spent along some stream may be utilized. The main thing in this introductory work is to bring the real experiences of the children into play as a basis for the reading. Without such relating to actual experience the meaning cannot be vivid and vital.

2. *The Assignment.*

In the reading work of the fourth grade, pupils may be expected to make profitable preparation in the way of working out points given to them in advance. Success in securing this preliminary preparation will depend on the qualities of the assignment made. If this assignment is hazy and indefinite, if questions are asked about unimportant matters, or about distantly related subjects, the attention is either not centered on the main point or is entirely diverted from it. It is very easy to ask questions, but not very easy to ask questions that go at once to the heart of the matter. How many stanzas in this poem? How many lines in each stanza? How many words of three syllables in the poem? How many of two? How tall do pine trees grow? How does a rivulet differ from a creek?—these are all types of the wrong kind of questions for assignments. If these questions are ever worth considering, it is when they arise naturally in connection with the progress of the lesson, and so are purely incidental matters. The questions and instructions for study should be designed to bring out the greatest amount of valuable

mental activity on the part of the pupil. They should, as a rule, not be general in character, but should be specific and admit of specific answers.

Beginning with the Fourth Reader the selections in this series of readers are furnished with carefully prepared study suggestions. There is no reason why teacher and pupil should not have the advantage of expert advice in the reading lesson as well as in other subjects. In fact, the cause of so much poor work in the reading class has often been due to the inability of the overworked teacher to prepare in advance for this most important of all phases of the reading lesson. Naturally the printed assignment will often need to be supplemented by additional questions according to the needs of the class. Thus a wrong or an incomplete answer can usually be corrected through an additional question that will call attention to some important matter that the pupil has overlooked. On "The Rivulet" there are four points set down for study in preparing the lesson. The class should be asked to read the poem through first for the "story," then to read it again carefully for the purpose of answering these specific questions:

(*a*) Who seems to be speaking to the rivulet?
(*b*) How can you tell what time of the year it is?
(*c*) Point out expressions that tell what the rivulet is to do.
(*d*) Why is it asked to "stay not till summer is done"?

3. *Making sure of the meaning.*

Language exists to express meaning. Reading in the full sense is the interpretation of this language, the getting from it of all that it means. Questioning to make sure of the meaning is thus of the utmost importance. In answering questions, pupils should be encouraged in every way to read the words that prove the correctness of their answers. In doing so it will be discovered whether they have put the correct meaning into various words and phrases. If not, this is the place to make sure of those meanings and to correct any mistakes in the imagery arising from such errors. The following will briefly indicate the results that may reasonably be expected from a discussion of the four points in the assignment on "The Rivulet":

(a) The poet speaks, or some one standing near the rivulet in the midst of the beautiful meadow through which it flows on its way from the mountains to the bay. Better still, lead the pupil to imagine himself there in intimate and joyful companionship with the rivulet and addressing to it the words of this poem.

(b) The poem says, "Summer is fairly begun." Besides, the references to the flowers bear out the answer that it is early summer.

(c) In pointing out what the rivulet is asked to do, let the pupils read the various passages in each stanza, such as, "Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines." Make sure that they understand the meaning of each expression quoted, that they get the image clearly in mind. What, for instance, is meant by the "hymn of the pines"? Listen to the wind among the trees. Have them listen to the echo of the waterfall, see clearly the flowers, hear the chorus of the birds. This exercise of the imagination is fundamental. They may notice that they are asked to use their eyes, ears, and nose in learning just what the rivulet does. The noises, and sights, and perfume mentioned are all pleasant to the senses and produce a joyful state of mind. These pleasures all seem to be reflected in "the mountain birds' glee," and hence the business of the rivulet is to carry down the "joy of the hills." What a fine thing for a little rivulet to go its way spreading joy!

(d) You have no doubt seen pictures of the house in which Shakespeare was born, or of the one in which Longfellow lived, or of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, or of the little house where Betsy Ross made the first flag. Maybe some of you have seen the houses themselves. Why are we so interested in seeing and preserving these places? When the band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner," why do we applaud? Why are our hearts stirred when the old soldiers in blue or gray march by? Because certain things are called to our minds by all these. They all have *associations* that mean something to us. The sparkling rivulet coming down from the mountains makes us think of all the beautiful things along its way, and we go on naturally to think of it as carrying all these beautiful things along with it.

It is asked to "stay not" in order that it may continue to carry the "joy of the hills to the sea" as long as these joys last. That will be when the sounds and sights and perfumes are changed or done away with by the changing seasons.

Such a brief summary indicates the main points that the teacher may fairly expect to make clear to the minds of pupils. The main thing is to be sure that the ideas have found lodgment, not that any certain form of statement has been used. Strive continually to cultivate individuality of expression on all those matters, and accept any statement that seems clear and reasonable.

**4.** *Reading for Expression.*

The entire poem should now be read orally in order to make sure that its full meaning has been grasped. The reading should express the joyful spirit that runs through the poem, and which is reflected

in the beauty of the images and the music of the language. It should indicate the solemn hymn of the pines, the ringing echo of the waterfall, the delicacy of the flowers, the dainty perfume of the lily, the riotous glee of the mountain birds. The teacher should be ready and willing to read to the class, not for them consciously to imitate, but to indicate something more of the correct spirit of the poem than they are able to bring out. Elocutionary effects are not to be sought, but a thoroughly sympathetic reading. *Keep the mind always centered on the images.* This is the key to effective oral expression.

5. *Deepening the impression.*

Various devices, varying with the selection read, may be used for deepening the impression and connecting it in some way with everyday life.

(a) In case the selection is didactic in tone, questions may be asked that will lead pupils to see its bearing on their own actions. In "Frank Divides the Cake," such questions would bring out Frank's failure through carelessness to carry out at first the demands of a just division. Generally where needed such questions are a part of the assignment, and the practical applications to life are taken care of under the general discussion. Where the matter seems of enough importance, a special point may be made of it in order to give it extra emphasis. Very often no specific questions are necessary, as the effect of the selection is found in its general "tone." This is often largely a matter of emotional response. This is true of "The Rivulet." The joyful contribution of the rivulet to its world becomes a part of the mental furniture of the child. He appreciates what a deal of beauty and happiness the rivulet brings. Without being made to think about its effect upon himself, he unconsciously carries its helpful mood along with him. He is made happier, and thus makes those with whom he comes in contact happier. It is in this way that the greatest literature performs its mission.

(b) Memorizing. Children of this grade have, as a rule, very quick and retentive memories, and enjoy using them. They should be encouraged to commit to memory a great deal that they read. Not only do they derive pleasure from doing so, but if the process is properly directed, a very important power of the mind is stimulated and developed. Then, there is some value in having ready at command a store of the best things from a wide field of reading. However, it is doubtful if mere memorizing for the sake of memorizing has as much value as is sometimes attributed to it. It is often a method used by the lazy or incompetent teacher to avoid the labor

and thought necessary in doing more valuable work, and frequently results in cumbering the mind with useless rubbish. Memorizing may well be limited to those poems and passages in which the child has a personal interest, or to those of the permanent value of which there can be no question. A proper use of the memory then becomes a means by which the reader can keep some of the finer expression given to the thoughts and feelings of humanity, and enables him to recall and deepen the impressions made upon him by all he has read and experienced.

(c) Dramatizing. This device, with which the study of a selection may close, is very effective for deepening the impression. It is employed constantly in the primary books of this series, and may be used to advantage throughout all the work in reading. By the time we reach the Fourth Reader, however, the pupil should begin to realize that much that is dramatic must be seen in the mind's eye only, and need not necessarily be put on the stage. Nearly all the material in this book has dramatic quality and can be rendered dramatic in form. Specific examples of dramatizing are given in connection with "The Camel and the Pig" (p. 20) and "The Crow's Children" (p. 40). Pupils may now be encouraged to make their own dramatizations, and present them with only occasional suggestions from the teacher. If "The Rivulet" has been memorized, the following dramatic plan may be used for its presentation:

Let the class stand in two lines facing each other, forming *The Banks* of an imaginary rivulet. Let one pupil be *The Rivulet* for stanza 1, another for stanza 2, and others for each of the following stanzas.

*The Banks (as The Rivulet skips gayly across):*
Run, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
*The Rivulet (skipping across with each line):*
I bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines.
*The Banks (as The Rivulet returns to place):*
Run, little rivulet, run!

The other stanzas may be arranged in similar manner. In the dramatizations at this stage, use the exact language of the selection as far as possible, keeping in mind that the action is used only as a help in bringing out the meaning, and must not be allowed to become an end in itself.

6. *Phonics.*

In the First, Second, and Third readers of this series the sounds of all consonants and the more common sounds of the vowels have been systematically presented and frequently reviewed and should now be

fixed in the minds of the pupils. The diacritical markings necessary to indicate the proper sounds also have been given and reviewed with sufficient frequency to enable the little readers of the fourth book to apply them as valuable aids in the pronunciation of words. The markings which have been taught in the preceding books are here used in the words which appear in italics at the end of each selection. Pupils should always be required to give the sounds of the letters thus marked, not simply because it is a review of the work of previous grades, but because only in this way can the sounds and the meaning of the markings become firmly fixed in their minds. By sounding each letter he knows, the pupil will generally be able to pronounce the words without assistance, gaining power and confidence with every successful attempt. Thus he will see for himself the practical application of what he has been learning in phonics in previous grades.

Teachers will at once see in this work but another round in the ladder which leads directly to the dictionary and encyclopedia—those daily companions which form a never-ending continuation school.

It will be noted that the words given in italics at the end of each selection are not only marked diacritically, but are also defined. The meaning given is always that which the words have in the particular selection from which they are taken. In the subsequent readers of this series difficult words are defined in the "Glossary," or miniature dictionary, at the end of the book rather than at the end of each selection, thus gradually developing the dictionary habit by sending the pupil to another part of his book for pronunciation and definition.

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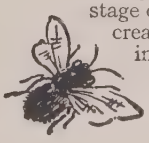

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